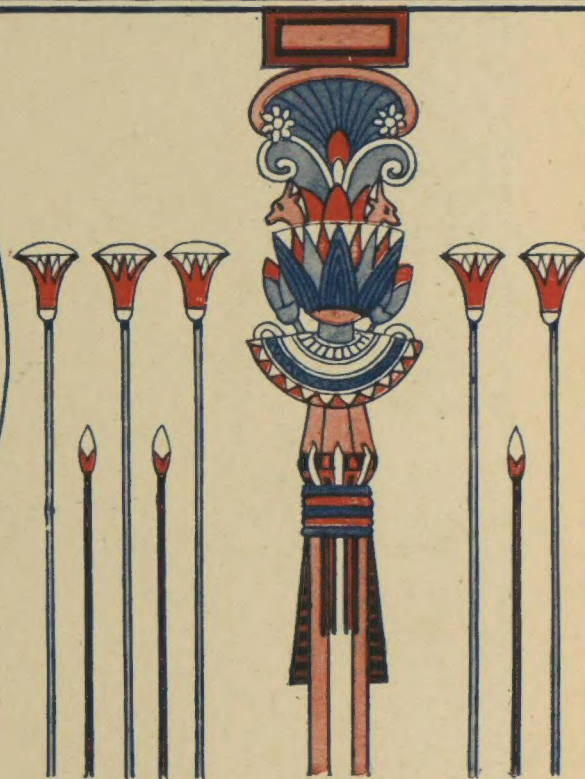
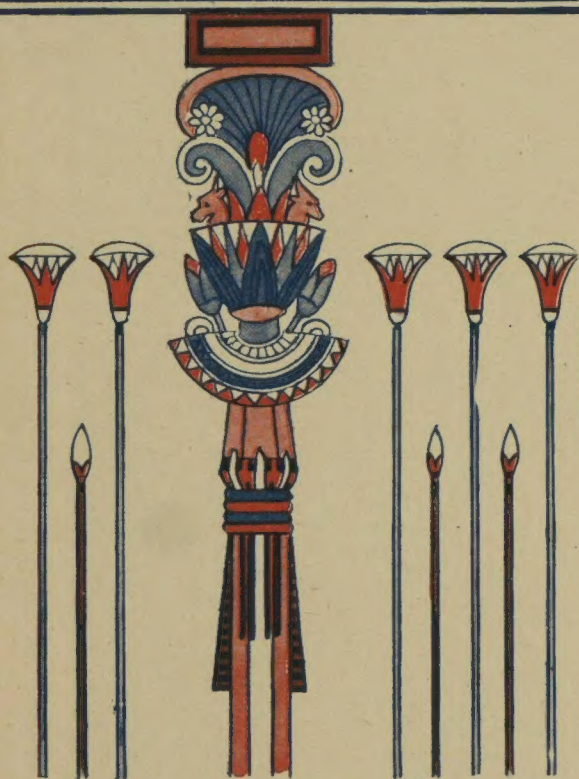


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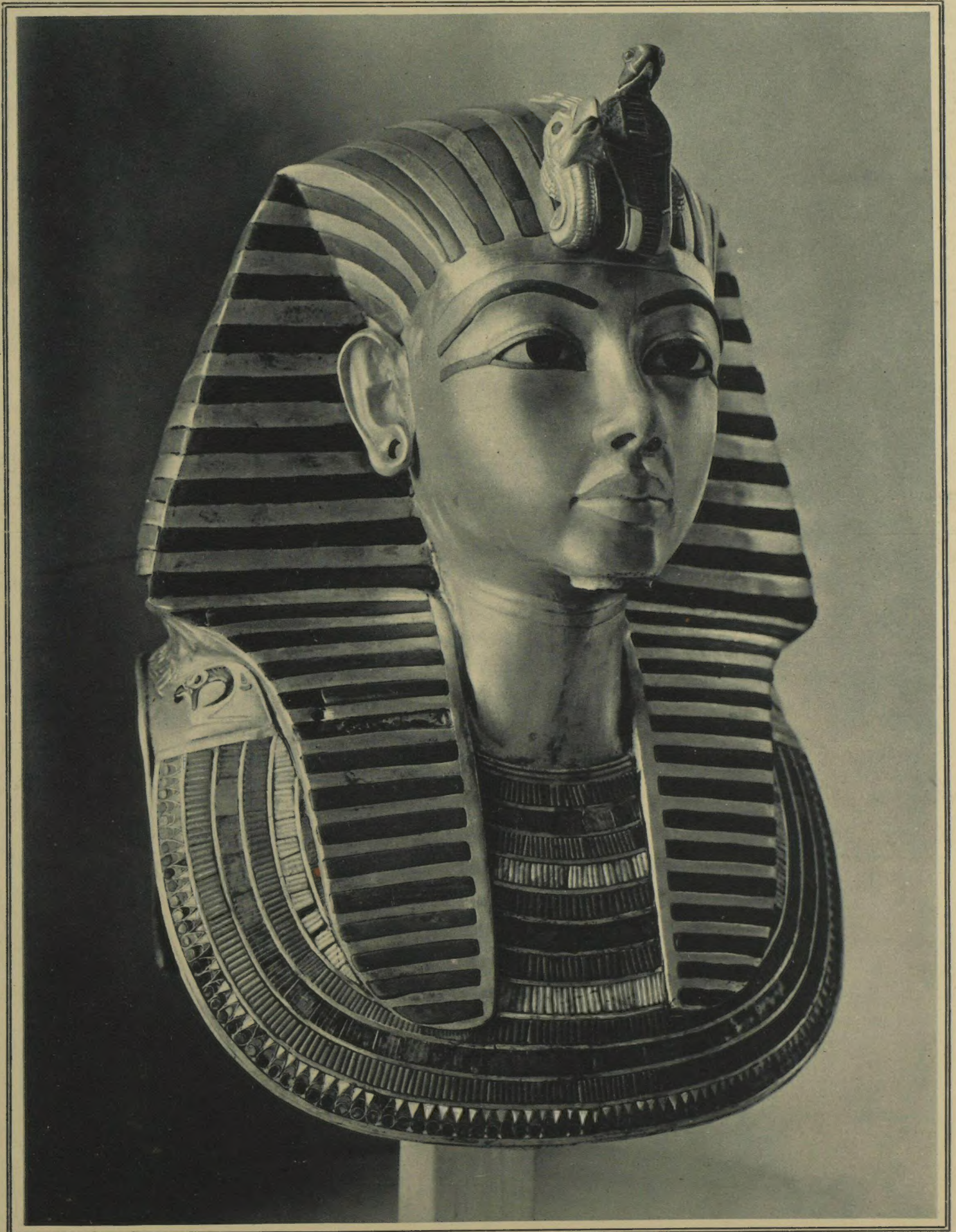
THE VALUE IS IN THE
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NOT THE BOX

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1926.

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THE FINEST AND MOST PERFECT EXAMPLE OF EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE EVER FOUND: THE MASSIVE GOLD MASK OF TUTANKHAMEN—A LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT—PLACED OVER THE HEAD OF THE MUMMY.

The glories of Tutankhamen's tomb reached their climax when the contents of the sarcophagus came to be examined. In this number we are enabled to illustrate, in successive stages, the process of the investigation and the triple "nest" of golden coffins. The third and innermost contained the mummy, and covering the head and shoulders was

the mask. "The whole of the mask," writes Mr. Howard Carter, "is of massive burnished gold, equivalent to £5000 of bullion. The beaten gold is inlaid with lapis lazuli, felspar, carnelian, calcite, obsidian, and polychrome glass. It is a superb example of Egyptian art. Not only is it life-size, but, on comparison with the mummy, a life-like portrait."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just made a pleasing discovery, which in common courtesy calls for some note. I commented last week on a book of futuristic prose and verse, especially in relation to one poem. I admit that I wrote in the first glow of amusement and astonishment, and that there is a great deal more to be said seriously about that poem, or at least about that sort of poetry. I now discover, with even greater amusement and astonishment, that the same volume contains an open letter addressed to me by name, and denouncing me personally for remarks in *The Illustrated London News*. It is but polite to Mr. Walsh, the writer of the letter, to acknowledge it in the same place.

He must excuse me if I begin by saying that there is one element in his efforts that is wasted on me. The spirit which says: "When you have written one poem as good as mine" is probably very impressive according to another school of manners, but it does not happen to impress me. I do not even think it particularly new, for it is part of an American atmosphere that has already become rather stale. I have only to look out of the window to see a coloured hoarding proclaiming that "Chick's Chewing Gum is the Best"—in the opinion of Chick. I have only to walk down the street to look at sky-signs which offer to Wiggins's Whisky a disinterested testimonial from Wiggins. But I do not think advertisement, or the windy weakness of vanity, has increased either dignity of life or clearness of thinking; and I find more wisdom in the older fashion whereby neither Mr. Walsh nor I were reckoned the most decent eulogists of our own works. I will not undertake to decide whether his poems are better than mine, but I will undertake to debate whether his poetical theory is better than mine, doing my best to understand the one and to explain the other.

Now a poem like that I quoted last week, about singing by the blood in stone images, offers itself as a defiance; it challenges the normal sense of humour. That sort of stone image is avowedly an Aunt Sally. Nobody could help laughing at it, unless he were morbidly careful only to laugh when he was told by Mr. Ezra Pound. I used it therefore as a cockshy and a comic example; but I would never dream of denying that it could be the text for a more real debate about poetry. I object to the form of that verse, not because it is new, but because it is nothing else; because even its admirers can say nothing else for it except that it is new. If the writer really had something in him, he must have the sense to know that he has not in the normal sense got it out of him; that it is not apparent any more than the blood that blushes in the cheeks of the stone image. In short, if he had any brains, let alone any blood, if he was not himself as stupid as a stone image, he must have expected to be laughed at; and I do not apologise for laughing at him. But I am quite willing to discuss the matter more seriously with Mr. Walsh or anybody else; only when I come to consider the theory as a theory it seems to me exceedingly thin.

For instance, he comments on a remark of mine, to the effect that Whistler is not now so important as when he was new, by saying that this is an obvious thing paraded as a discovery; though indeed there was no question of discovering anything. Then he announces that the later artist determines the position of the earlier one, and not *vice versa*. Thus I presume that Colley Cibber determined the position of

Shakespeare; and we need not question that Martin Tupper determined the position of Keats. This statement seems to me a curious example of mental confusion; of something that is either too absurd to be maintained or too trite to be worth maintaining. If he means that some persons at some time after a man is dead determine his reputation after death, he is simply saying that the opinion of posterity is held by posterity. In that case he is scarcely in a position to scoff at obvious remarks made with an air of discovery. But if he means anything more than this, he must mean what is manifestly untenable and untrue. If he means that the fact of one artist coming into the world at a time subsequent to another

at my tracing his poetical pedigree to Walt Whitman, perhaps it will be all right if I apologise and offer him the lineage of Martin Tupper.

He says that he and his American friends do not imitate Whitman; and, after reading a bookful of their productions, I am prepared to admit that they do not. One of the things that was great about Whitman, amid much that was merely crude and crazy, was that he had sometimes the power of writing down sentences that could really stand by themselves in the middle of a page, which would not be altogether inept if inscribed on a monument in the marketplace or scrawled on a rock in the wilderness. "I do not give common gifts; when I give, I give myself"—that has something indefinable about it that might belong to the gesture of a prophet or a pagan god uttering a single oracle to his people out of the temple or the cave. It is arrogant, but it is not altogether fatuous; it might mean even more than it says. It might be the shadow of a very mystical idea, to be found in the core of Christianity.

Now these writers do often put a statement in the middle of a blank page; but the statement is equally blank. For them brevity is not so much the soul of wit as the substitute for wit. It holds its position by impudence, and not by intrinsic intelligence. I am speaking now simply of such a thing considered as a thing to be inscribed on a monument or graven on a rock. The poet may reply that a monument is meant for a mob; and that he is not addressing a mob. Quite so; but he is presumably addressing somebody; and with that we come to the fundamental quarrel with these forms of art, quite apart from the superficial fun which we are entitled to make of them. Now it is perfectly true that a great deal of such superficial fun might be directed against the daring metaphors and wandering irrelevances of the very noblest poems. A critic to whom Shelley and his skylark sang in vain might find it easy enough to ask the poet how he had the impudence to say that a skylark looked like a lady living in a tower or a rose covered up with leaves. A critic deaf to Keats and his nightingale might cross-examine him about the alleged historical connection between nightingales and the Book of Ruth. If our protest were only a cheap logic-chopping protest of that sort, it would indeed be prosaic and therefore inapplicable to anything poetic. But it is not. Like everything else involving imaginative truth, the difference is difficult to describe, but I am prepared to attempt to describe it. When Shelley connects the apparently disconnected images of a skylark and a lady in a tower, he surrounds them with a medium and a mode of expression that

does connect them. The movement of the same continuous metre, like a tune played far in the distance, suggests the continuity of mood. The other symbols and similes, each at about the same distance from the reality, suggest the sense in which the words are used. A thousand other things, conscious and unconscious, tell us not only that the notions can be connected, but how the poet himself does connect them. But when the other poet mentions blood and stone, he does not connect them at all. He does not create any atmosphere in which they can co-exist. The one topic might be reached from the other topic by any one of a hundred rambling roads. In other words, he has not done his job; it was his business to suggest an association, but the two things are not associated.



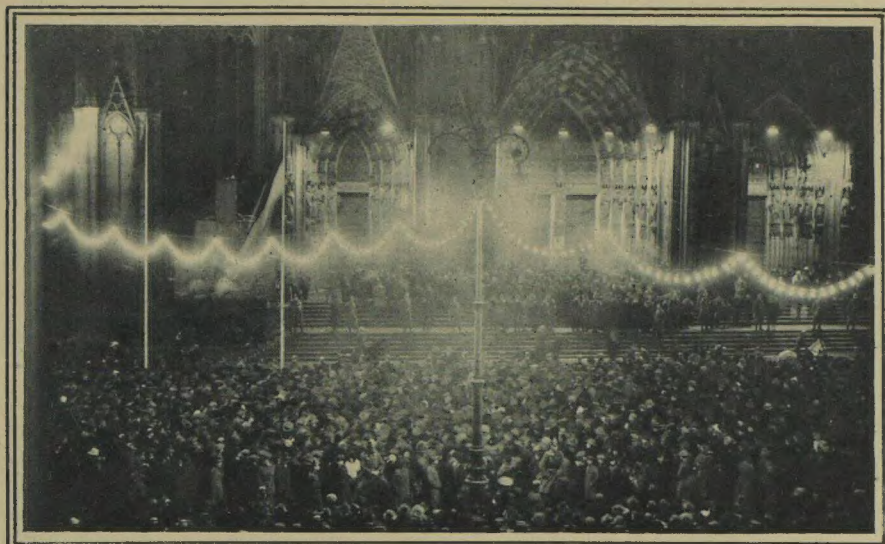
AN ENGLISH SCULPTOR'S ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL: A MODEL OF THE IMPOSING ARCH OF SACRIFICE—BY MR. VERNON MARCH, ONE OF THE SEVEN ARTIST BROTHERS OF FARNBOROUGH.

For Canada's national War Memorial, at Ottawa, the Government Committee has chosen, from over 100 designs by British and American sculptors, that of Mr. Vernon March, one of the well-known family of seven artist brothers, of Farnborough, Kent. The response of the Canadians to the Empire's call is expressed by a colossal bronze group of 19 figures, representing all branches of the Dominion fighting services, passing through an Arch of Sacrifice, built of Canadian granite and surmounted by bronze winged figures bearing emblems of Victory, Justice, and Peace. The whole monument will be 45 ft. high and will cost £20,000. All the work will be executed in the March foundries at Farnborough. Mr. Vernon March is the sculptor of the Champlain Memorial in Ontario, the national War Memorial at Cape Town, and the Lewes War Memorial.—[Photograph by C.N.]

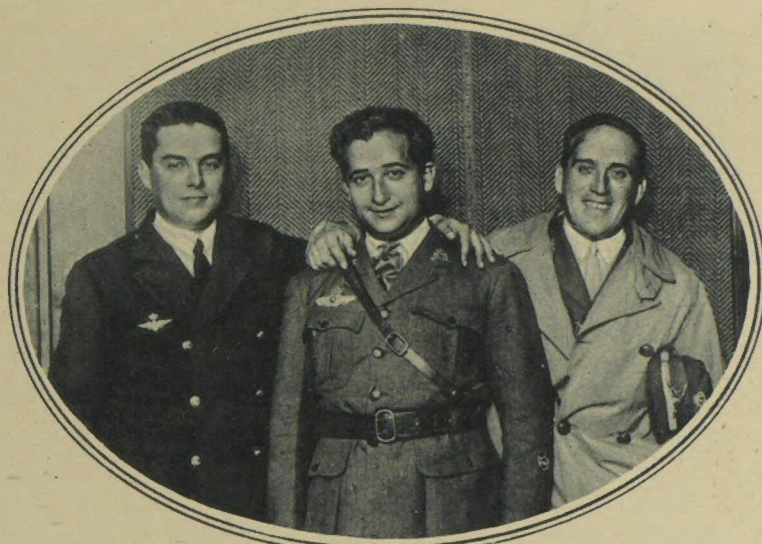
gives him some superiority which entitles him to judge, then his position is too absurd even for his own absurd philosophy of the arts. Posterity as a whole may ultimately determine the position of Shakespeare, but it is certainly not Colley Cibber who determines the position of Shakespeare; and in that sense it would be much truer to say that Shakespeare, or the mere memory and passing thought of Shakespeare, determines the position of Colley Cibber. Perhaps the final judgment upon Keats is not yet, but certainly Martin Tupper does not judge him merely by living a little later and writing in a perceptibly different style. By the way, Martin Tupper did write in a highly modern and original style, in separate aphorisms freed from classical metres. And as the critic in question is offended

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

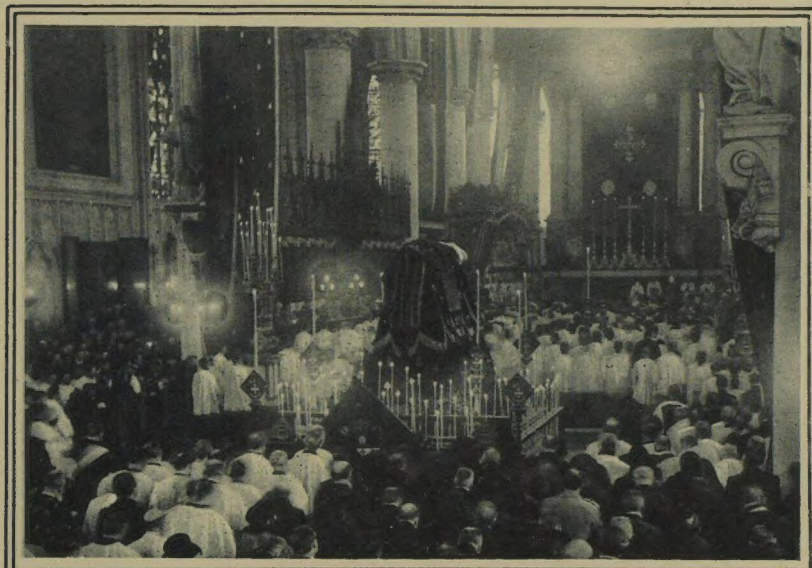
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REJOICINGS AT COLOGNE ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRITISH TROOPS AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF OCCUPATION: A CROWD OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL, AND ILLUMINATIONS.



THE SPANISH TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: COMANDANTE FRANCO (CENTRE) WITH CAPTAIN RUIZ DE ALDA (RIGHT), AND NAVAL LIEUTENANT DURAN.



THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL MERCIER: THE COFFIN RESTING ON A LOFTY CATAFALQUE DURING THE BURIAL SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ROMBAUT, AT MALINES.



THE STATE FUNERAL CEREMONIES FOR CARDINAL MERCIER HELD IN BRUSSELS ON THE DAY BEFORE HIS BURIAL AT MALINES: BEARERS OF HIS DECORATIONS IN THE PROCESSION.



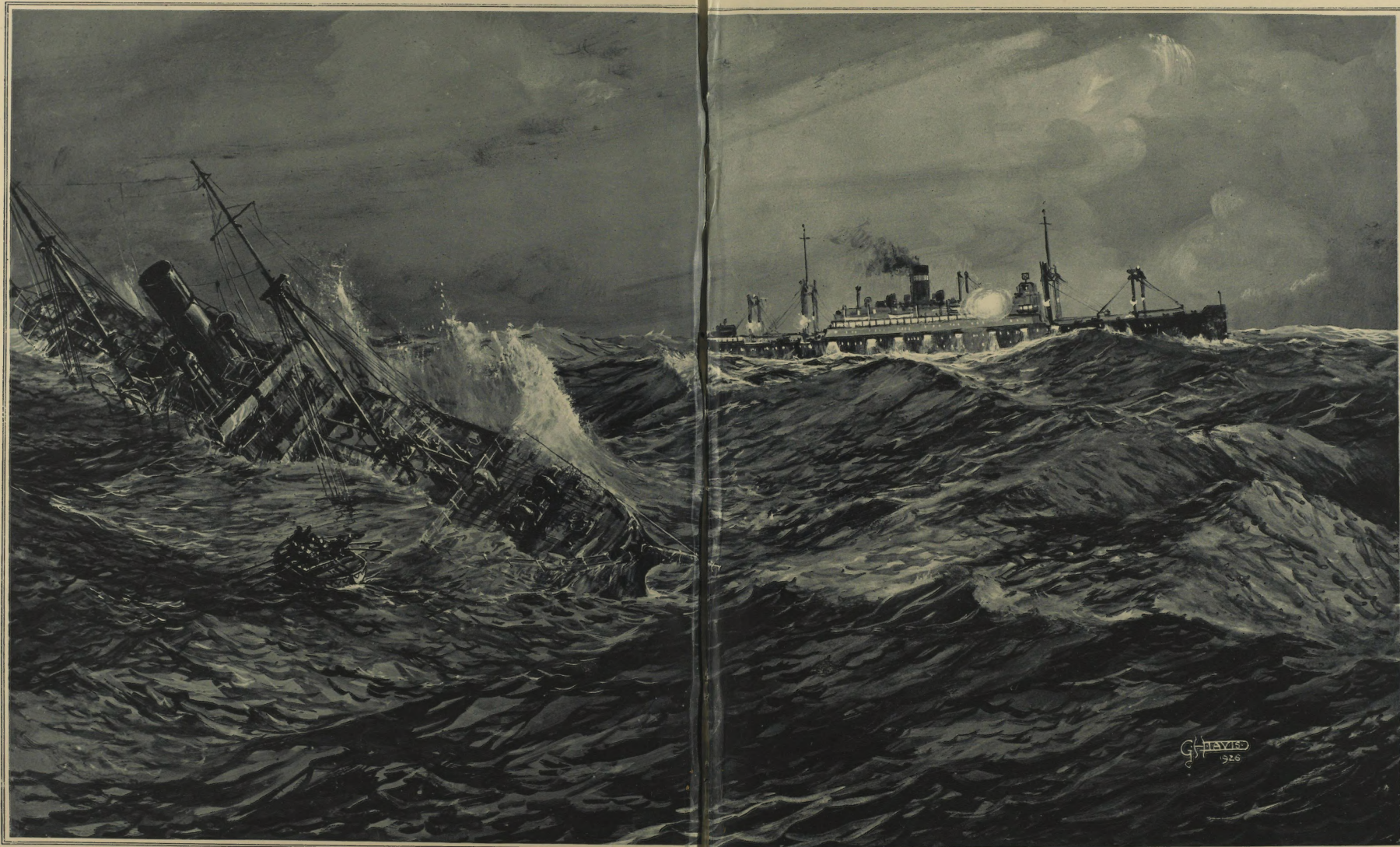
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE KING: THE STATE COACH CONTAINING THEIR MAJESTIES, DRAWN BY EIGHT BAY HORSES, AND GUARDED BY MOUNTED EQUERRIES, YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, AND A SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT OF HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY, ON THE WAY FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO WESTMINSTER, ON FEBRUARY 2.

Cologne was officially unoccupied at midnight on January 31, the day on which the last British troops left (as illustrated on page 239). There was a great gathering in the Cathedral square to celebrate the city's freedom after seven years of military occupation; bells pealed, speeches were delivered, hymns were sung, and there were brilliant illuminations.—Comandante Franco was the pilot and Captain Ruiz de Alda the navigator of the Spanish flying-boat, "Ne Plus Ultra," which recently accomplished, in four stages, a great flight from Spain to Brazil, a total distance of some 3450 miles, in about 35 flying

hours. They reached Pernambuco on January 31, intending to go on to Rio and Buenos Aires, then over the Andes to Chile, northward to the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Greenland, and Iceland, and back to Spain by way of the British Isles.—The State funeral of Cardinal Mercier took place in Brussels, to which the coffin was brought by train from Malines, on January 28. King Albert and Marshal Foch walked in the procession to the cathedral of Ste. Gudule. In the evening the body was taken back to Malines, and was buried there on the following day in the cathedral of St. Rombant.

"THIS SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF SKILL AND GALLANTRY": THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" RESCUING THE "ANTINOE'S" CREW.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF FIRST OFFICER MILLER AND CHIEF ENGINEER TURNER, OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT."



IN BRIGHT MOONLIGHT AIDED BY THE LINER'S SEARCHLIGHT: A LIFE-BOAT FROM THE

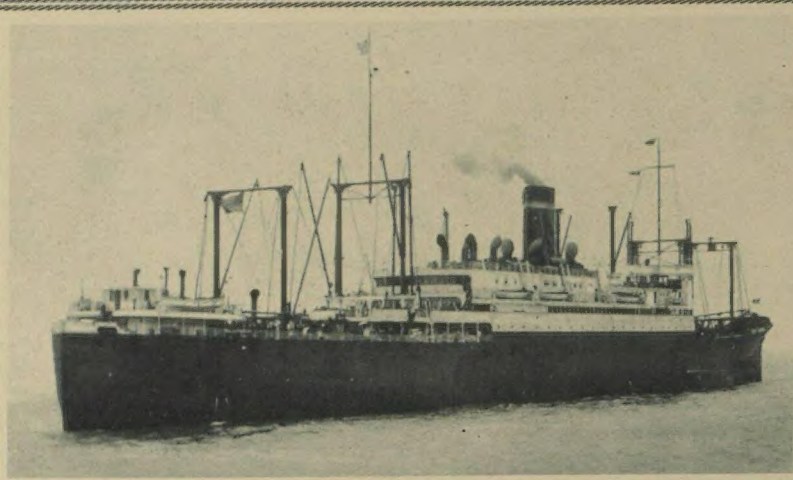
Our artist has illustrated here the final scene in the rescue of the "Antinoe's" crew by the United States liner "President Roosevelt," which the King has described (in his message to President Coolidge quoted on another page) as "this splendid example of skill and gallantry." The drawing is not an imaginary one, for it was carefully supervised by First Officer Robert B. Miller, who played a heroic part in the rescue work, and Chief Engineer Turner, both of the "President Roosevelt," and also by Mr. A. K. Evans, the wireless operator of the "Antinoe"; it was, moreover, passed as accurate by other members of the crews of both ships, and passengers on board the liner. The sixth lifeboat sent out from the "President Roosevelt" is seen approaching the "Antinoe" to take off the last thirteen of the crew of twenty-five who were saved. The "Antinoe" had by this time listed to an angle of about 45 degrees, and the whole starboard side was under water, the sea washing right up to the hatches. The remainder of the crew were clustered near the foot of the foremast, and finally

"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" TAKING OFF THE LAST THIRTEEN MEN FROM THE "ANTINOE."

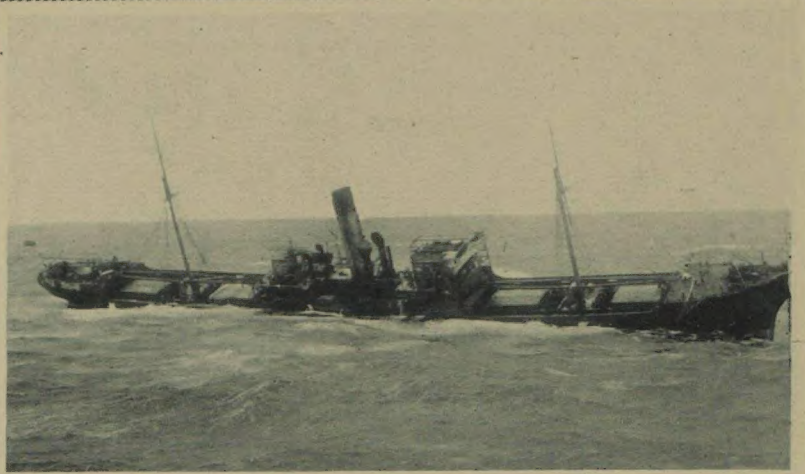
had to jump for it; some fell into the sea and were hauled into the boat. To facilitate getting them aboard the liner, Captain Fried had the netting used for hoisting baggage and mails hung over the side. He also had the cargo-working lights lit on all the king-posts, and eight-cluster lights hung over the sides both port and starboard. Much use was also made of the liner's searchlight. The rescue of the last thirteen men would not have been possible but for the bright moonlight and the fact that the terrific seas had somewhat abated. When the first lifeboat from the liner was capsized and two of her crew (Master-at-Arms Wirtenan and Boatswain's Mate Heltman) were drowned, the "President Roosevelt" had lowered her flag to half-mast. One of the "Antinoe's" crew had then clambered on to the poop of the water-logged wreck, already listing badly and swept by breaking seas, and had lowered to half-mast her Red Ensign astern. It was still flying at half-mast when she disappeared in the darkness after the final rescue.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

HEROISM IN THE RAGING ATLANTIC: A VERY GALLANT RESCUE.

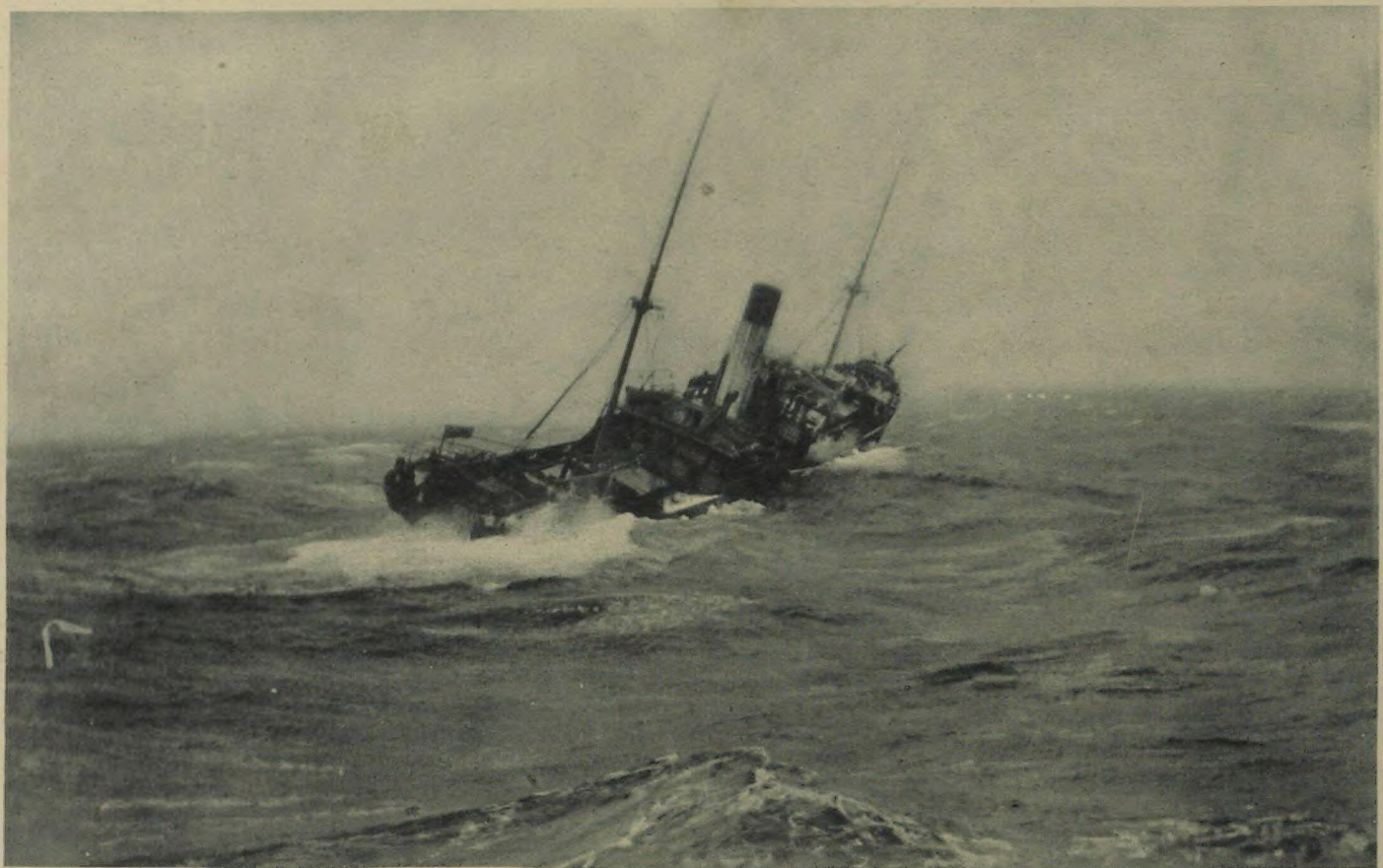
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE, L.N.A., I.B., AND C.N.



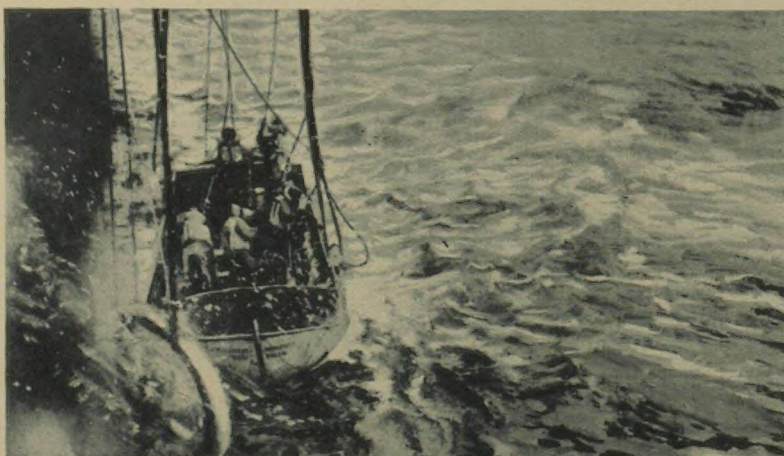
WITH THE RESCUED CREW OF THE "ANTINOE" ON BOARD: THE UNITED STATES LINER "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" AT PLYMOUTH, WHERE SHE RECEIVED A GREAT PUBLIC WELCOME.



AT THE MERCY OF THE WORST STORM KNOWN IN THE ATLANTIC FOR FORTY YEARS: THE "ANTINOE" WITH A HEAVY LIST—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT."



SHOWING THE CREW HUDDLED TOGETHER AT THE STERN: THE BRITISH STEAMER "ANTINOE" HELPLESS IN THE RAGING SEAS—ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT," WHOSE OFFICERS AND MEN SUCCEEDED IN RESCUING THE CREW AFTER HEROIC EFFORTS FOR FOUR DAYS, DURING WHICH TWO OF THEIR OWN NUMBER WERE DROWNED.



ONE OF SIX HEROIC ATTEMPTS WHICH AT LAST SUCCEEDED, AND IN THE FIRST OF WHICH TWO MEN LOST THEIR LIVES: LOWERING A LIFEBOAT FROM THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT."



A HAPPY REUNION AT PLYMOUTH: CAPTAIN TOSE, OF THE "ANTINOE," GREETED BY HIS WIFE ON THE GANGWAY PLACED ABOARD THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" ON HER ARRIVAL.

The rescue of the crew of the British cargo-boat "Antinoe" by the United States liner "President Roosevelt," during the great storm in the Atlantic, was one of the finest acts of heroism in the annals of the sea. The "President Roosevelt" was received with great enthusiasm at Plymouth, when she arrived there on January 31 with the rescued men. One of the first to go on board was the wife of Captain Tose, of the "Antinoe." The feeling of the nation was expressed in the message sent by the King to President Coolidge, in which his Majesty said:

"The news of the heroism displayed by the officers and crew of the 'President Roosevelt' in rescuing, under such terrible conditions, all hands of the 'Antinoe,' has deeply moved me. In expressing my thankfulness and admiration for this splendid example of skill and gallantry, I know that I am only voicing the feelings of all British hearts. At the same time we grieve at the loss of those who nobly sacrificed their lives, and I would ask you, Mr. President, to assure the bereaved families of my heartfelt sympathy."

THE "ANTINOE'S" CAPTAIN THANKS HIS RESCUER: COURTESY OF THE SEA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN TOSE, OF THE "ANTINOE."



"CAPTAIN TOSE . . . ASKED TO BE CARRIED TO BRIDGE TO EXPRESS GRATITUDE": HIS MEETING WITH CAPTAIN FRIED (RIGHT) OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT," JUST AFTER BEING SAVED FROM HIS SINKING SHIP AND BROUGHT ABOARD THE LINER.

Captain Fried, the commander of the "President Roosevelt," tersely describes in his log the rescue of the "Antinoe's" crew on January 27: "7.20 p.m. Lowered and manned lifeboat successfully and took off 12 men. Boat badly damaged. Cut her adrift. Midnight. Weather greatly improved and aided by moonlight took remainder of crew aboard. Captain Tose had to be carried aboard, and despite his physical condition asked to be carried to bridge to express gratitude."

Captain Tose later expressed admiration of the "superb handling" of the liner. Captain Fried had been on the bridge for eighty-four hours without an interval, while Chief Officer Miller directed the rescue work. Captain Fried showed remarkable skill in navigation by finding the "Antinoe" again after she was lost to view on the night of January 24. By the time she was again sighted, the "President Roosevelt" had drifted 108 miles.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

IRENE VANBRUGH.—"BLIND ALLEY."

THE other day on a murky evening just before dark, when all looked gloomy and sad, the lamplighter passed in front of me, and with his pole moved the switches of the double street-lantern, and, as the globes began to glow, like starry eyes, in their orbits, the whole atmosphere changed. It was as if new life and light animated everything, the pavement, the houses, the passers-by. It seems a strange simile to apply to an actress, but for a long time this image has been tapping at the back of my mind whenever it was my privilege to behold Miss Irene Vanbrugh. She has now for some years been away, and triumphant was her re-entry at the Globe; but, thinking of her, as one often does of the absent when popular plays are mentioned, I have been haunted by those eyes that shone in my memory and followed me like a will-o'-the-wisp.

And as I remembered the light that radiated from them, I also recalled the expression. As she enters, she spreads illumination. Suddenly the stage and the actors that people it become phosphorescent; they stand out in a new focus, as if from the wings a new lens had been turned on to them. Nor is the impression fleeting; it remains constant so long as Miss Irene Vanbrugh is in their midst. Hers is a galvanising power. Her personality, full of nerve force, acts on her surroundings, yet obviously she does nothing to stimulate them. She has none of the tricks of the star-actress: she does not seek the centre of the stage; she takes no notice of the audience—speaking at them as some do. She does not even raise her voice in effort when the situation becomes dramatic; nor yet does she dispense humour in boisterousness or guffaw. There is an even flow in all she does, and, if I were asked whence springs her spell on her hearers, a spell that is universal and dominating, I would say—because she is good to look at; because she has distinction; because she is a personality; because, steeped in all the secrets of her craft, she renders them subservient to her artistic perception. She is one of those beings endowed with a certain magic that designates a phrase with a gesture, a situation with an apparently effortless inflection of the voice. But that is all on the surface. The real power within her transpires through her eyes. In her case they are the true mirror of her soul. If there were no words given to her to speak, her glances would convey their unwritten meaning. I have always longed for her to create the Pierrot in "L'Enfant Prodiges." How she would convey the joys and the sorrows, the love and the anguish, of that boy! How she would turn his dumbness into eloquence!

For to me the eyes of Irene Vanbrugh express all the clavier of emotion is able to convey. She can look at us like Alice in Wonderland—astonished at the world around her. She can look at us with the roguery of a gamin revelling in mischief and amenities both sweet and tart. She can look at us with such lovelorn glances as to make us feel the echo of her heartbeat. She can look at us with eyes stony to express contempt. She can look at us with eyes that flout, that wither, that betoken indignation or blaze with wrath. Above all, she can look at us like an imploring Magdalen, shaken with rue and woe: whoever could forget her in that last act of "Mid-Channel"—perhaps her most dramatic portrayal—when, beyond the words, her eyes foretold the dawn of self-destruction in the complete helplessness of a disillusioned life? There are other actresses on our stage

whose eyes are as expressive as their diction—Miss Marie Tempest in the older generation, Miss Isabelle Jeans among the younger—but, if you let your mind travel over the domain of memory, you will behold the figure of Miss Irene Vanbrugh in

the outline of a silhouette, and suddenly, if you are at all observant, you will recall these eyes that fascinated you, that made you smile, that roused you; raised a sigh, and—most unforgettable of all—made you feel the sorrow and the sadness which you saw in them.



"THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII" FILMED: A SPECTACULAR ITALIAN SCREEN VERSION OF LORD LYTTON'S NOVEL, FOR WHICH VESUVIUS "OBLIGED" WITH A REAL ERUPTION.

The realism of the eruption scenes in the great Italian film spectacle (illustrated also on pages 218 and 219), based on "The Last Days of Pompeii," was immensely enhanced through Nature taking a hand in it. After a year had been spent on the other scenes, and there seemed no hope of showing the volcano active, Vesuvius suddenly woke up and took an interest in the proceedings. The producer and camera-men hastened up the mountain (whence everyone had fled, except four British tourists), and secured magnificent photographs of an actual eruption.

Photographs by Courtesy of W. and F. Film Service, Ltd.



LIFE IN THE DOOMED CITY JUST BEFORE THE GREAT ERUPTION: A STREET EPISODE FROM "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII"—THE BLIND GIRL, NYDIA (Mlle. MARIA KORDA), PLAYING A LYRE, WITH GLAUCUS (M. VICTOR M. VARKONI, NEXT TO THE RIGHT), AMONG THE LISTENERS.

Miss Brandon has an intense sense of stage effects and a certain originality of conceiving a central idea. Thus in "The Outsider"; thus again in "Blind Alley," which relates how the puritanical Canon shut the door on his young wife, for he saw her kissing the actor with whom she figured in a pageant, and, when she went to live with the latter, on the principle of sacrament refused to grant her her freedom. The interest of the story, such as it was, lay not in the action, but in the solution. How would this wife, who had given way to sudden emotion but done no real wrong, be freed? There was an opportunity for a great scene in the last act. But it never came; instead, plenty of talk which defies sifting; and, when it was time to come to a decision, the authoress applied the method of Alexander the Great. A little girl befriended by the heroine and her lover, a pathetically drawn figure of a young mind saturated with cinema influences, by way of requital for kindness received plunged a knife into the Canon's breast—and so "this freedom" was achieved, at any rate from a theatrical point of view. What in real life would be the sequel baffles conjecture.

To arrive at her solution the authoress took us through many by-ways, and unfortunately none of the people on the way command our real sympathy. They are all types, not characters, and one could not help feeling that, however dour and rigid the Canon was painted, he was not so bad as to deserve his tragic fate. He had a grievance both as a man jealous by nature and as a cleric who believes in the letter of the theological law. Now the authoress would rightly say, "Never mind the story; I was out to assail puritanism and the insufficiency of the divorce laws." Agreed; but in doing so she should have convinced us not by mere propositions but by logic. And—it would take columns of analysis to explain—there is constant impact in the play between what we deem logical and what Miss Brandon would force us to accept. Dramatic this play undoubtedly is in parts, particularly in the second act, but it never stirs our emotions. In fact, it is melodrama effective in parts, not satisfactory as a whole.

For the actors the task was difficult, but they tried hard to grapple with it. Miss Elissa Landi had moments of feeling and of power. She still has to learn deportment, to avoid making faces to express emotion, to fill in her moments of silence when others are talking; but she has personality, and there is, as one commonly says, much in her. Mr. Sam Livesey was strongly dramatic as the Canon; Mr. Ion Swinley fervent and natural as the lover; Miss Elizabeth Arkell appealing in that tearful, pathetic way of waifs and strays in melodrama. I was particularly struck by Mr. Edward Woodings' acting. He, in a collateral part, gave a fine unaffected picture of the post-war young man, conventional at heart, yet displaying a certain understanding of life beyond his years. The comic relief was delightfully illuminated by Misses Drusilla Wills and Annie Esmond, Mr. Ernest Mainwaring, and, especially, Mr. John Le Hay, whose old stage-door keeper was as humorous, as cosy, as knowing, as alert to the main chance, as he still survives in some quarters of theatreland.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, RUSSELL, WARD, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SPORT AND GENERAL, L.N.A., C.N., AND CENTRAL PRESS.



CHOSEN SCULPTOR FOR CANADA'S WAR MEMORIAL: MR. V. MARCH.



JAPANESE PREMIER SINCE 1924: THE LATE VISCOUNT KATO.



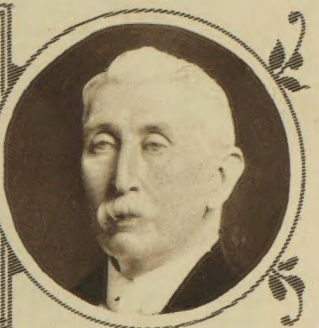
A FINE SAILOR UNLUCKY IN THE WAR: THE LATE ADMIRAL TROUBRIDGE.



DEPUTY CHAIRMAN, LONDON SESSIONS: THE LATE MR. A. J. LAWRIE.



A POPULAR NOVELIST'S UNTIMELY DEATH: THE LATE MR. W. L. GEORGE.



HISTORIAN OF THE INDIAN MUTINY: THE LATE SIR GEORGE FORREST.



SAVED IN MID-ATLANTIC: THE CREW OF THE "ANTINOE," INCLUDING CAPTAIN TOSE (IN FRONT ON RIGHT) ON BOARD THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" AFTER THE RESCUE.



HEROIC RESCUERS OF THE "ANTINOE'S" CREW: VOLUNTEERS OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT," INCLUDING MR. UPTON, FOURTH OFFICER (SEATED THIRD FROM LEFT).



THRICE WASHED OVERBOARD DURING THE GALLANT RESCUE WORK: CHIEF OFFICER MILLER (LEFT) OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT," WITH MR. UPTON, FOURTH OFFICER.



THE "ANTINOE'S" WIRELESS OPERATOR, WHO STUCK TO HIS POST TILL THE APPARATUS FAILED: MR. A. K. EVANS.



RESCUER AND RESCUED: CAPTAIN FRIED (LEFT) OF THE U.S. LINER "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT," AND CAPTAIN HARRY TOSE, OF THE "ANTINOE."

Mr. Vernon March, whose accepted design for Canada's national War Memorial is illustrated on page 210, is one of the seven artist brothers of Farnborough.—Viscount Kato, the late Premier of Japan, became Minister to the Court of St. James's in 1895, when he was thirty-five.—Admiral Troubridge had the ill-luck to be unable to prevent the escape of the "Goeben" and "Breslau" early in the war, but was fully and honourably acquitted of all blame. Later, he blockaded the Dardanelles.—Mr. A. J. Lawrie had been Deputy Chairman of the County of London Quarter Sessions since 1911.—Mr. W. L. George, who was only forty-three, wrote much fiction, besides essays and criticism. His first novel, "A Bed of Roses," appeared in 1911.—Sir George Forrest, who was

eighty-one, was a son of one of the defenders of Delhi, and wrote "A History of the Indian Mutiny," besides many other works, including lives of Lord Clive and Lord Roberts.—The heroic rescue of the crew of the British cargo steamer "Antinoe" by the United States liner "President Roosevelt," two of whose men were drowned, during the great storm in the Atlantic, is illustrated on pages 212-213 of this number. Captain Fried, who has commanded the "President Roosevelt" for three years, is a New Englander from Massachusetts. Captain Harry Tose, Master of the "Antinoe," hails from Robin Hood's Bay, in Yorkshire. Chief Officer Miller and Lieutenant Upton, of the "President Roosevelt," did particularly gallant work in the rescue.

LIVING ARCHÆOLOGY ON THE FILM: A MAGNIFICENT RECONSTRUCTION OF "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF W. AND F. FILM SERVICES, LTD.



REPRODUCING, FROM ACTUAL DISCOVERIES, THE WALL-PAINTINGS AND INTERIOR DECORATION OF A POMPEIAN VILLA: A SCENE FROM THE MAGNIFICENT ITALIAN FILM VERSION OF "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."



RECONSTRUCTED AFTER CAREFUL RESEARCH AND STUDY OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII: MUSIC IN A FOUNTAIN COURT OF A ROMAN VILLA

STUDY OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII: MUSIC WITH ITS PILLARED COLONNADE AND STATUARY.



WITH ALL THE DETAILS OF COSTUME, FURNITURE, AND ARCHITECTURE FAITHFULLY REPRODUCED: A BANQUET SCENE FROM THE SPECTACULAR FILM OF "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."



AS OF OLD IN THE ARENA AT POMPEII: THE END OF A GLADIATORIAL COMBAT—THE VICTOR (ARMED WITH A TRIDENT) AND HIS VANQUISHED FOR THE RETIARIUS (ARMED WITH BROADSWORD AND NET), WHOSE FATE THE SPECTATORS DECIDE.



IN A SETTING CLOSELY COPIED FROM ROMAN TIMES: A SCENE FROM THE FILM OF ABUNDANCE AT POMPEII: A SCENE FROM THE



HOUSES AND SHOPS EXCAVATED IN THE STREET OF ABUNDANCE AT POMPEII: A SCENE FROM THE GREAT FILM VERSION OF LORD LYTON'S ROMANCE.



RE-ENACTING SCENES IN WHICH MEN WERE "BUTCHER'D TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY": GLADIATORS FIGHTING IN THE ARENA, DOTTED WITH SHRUBS, OF THE POMPEIAN AMPHITHEATRE RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE FILM.

The art of the films, in alliance with scholarship and good taste, provides an excellent means of making the dry bones of archaeology live. Nowhere is this better understood than in Italy, so rich in the ruins of antiquity, and an association has been formed in Rome, the Società Italiana Grandi Films, directed by Signor Amleto Palermi, with the object of producing first-class historical pictures and bringing about a great revival in the Italian film industry. Their first production—a wonderful spectacle based on Lord Lytton's historical romance, "The Last Days of Pompeii," has just been completed after a year of enthusiastic co-operation by a group of distinguished artists, historians, and archaeologists. The scenes of the novel were carefully studied on the spot, among the buildings of the resurrected city of Pompeii, which was overwhelmed by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. and has in modern times been revealed by

the spade of the excavator. In recent years the latest results of the excavations have often been illustrated in our pages. A comparison of the photographs of streets, houses, wall-paintings, gardens, fountains, temples, and amphitheatres, and of similar illustrations in "The New Guide to Pompeii" (Leipzig: Engelmann), with the scenes from the film given above and on page 216, shows how faithfully the producers have reconstructed Pompeian architecture, sculpture, and decoration, and have reproduced the life and costume of the period. The reconstruction of buildings took place in the great enclosure of the Cines Establishment. The new film, which employed 45,000 people and cost £100,000, was recently brought to London by the producer, Signor Carmine Gallone, and will be handled here by C. and M. Productions, Ltd. As noted on page 216, Vesuvius made it possible to include the thrills of a real eruption.

A PIONEER JOURNEY THROUGH CHINA'S FAR WEST ON THE TIBETAN BORDER: ADVENTURES AMONG TIBETAN BANDITS.

By H. GORDON THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.S. (ENG.)

In our last issue we gave part of Dr. Gordon Thompson's story of his great pioneer journey, with the late Brig.-General George Pereira, from Yunnan-fu to Kantse, where his companion died, and his own subsequent visit to the famous monastery of Labrang. Here we publish, as promised, the rest of the article, with a further set of the author's remarkably fine photographs. Certain parts of the former article are repeated, as they refer also to some of the new illustrations. The Washi country had never before been crossed by Europeans.

THE farthest west of all the Chinese towns is Batang, and the Washi country lies to the north, between Batang and Kantse. To reach Batang we took a somewhat circuitous route, so as to avoid bandits who were infesting the main road; and in order to pass through the old Mosu capital of Li-Kiang we crossed the River Yangtze twice—first by ferry, and the second time by a chain suspension bridge at Tzuli. It is remarkable that this mighty river, with a course of over 2000 miles, has apparently only this one bridge—a suspension bridge with two pairs of six chains slinging the boards, with a railing along the side; the whole in a very fair state of repair.

Leaving Li-Kiang, we crossed the divide into the valley of the Mekong, a wonderful river, running almost due south in a gutter of the mountains. In most of this part of its course it is a raging torrent, and the only way of crossing is by means of rope bridges. The Tibetan who wishes to cross provides himself with a slider, made generally from a piece of bamboo about 12 in. in length, to which he lashes himself by means of a thong of leather, before launching himself along the twisted bamboo rope, along which he slides to the other bank. After following the Mekong for several days, we crossed the divide into the valley of the Yangtze, and reached Batang, fifty-five days after leaving Yunnan-fu.

Although the city has a Chinese garrison, it is at present practically isolated, and the Chinese soldiers do not dare to go more than a few *li* out, unless they are in big numbers acting as a convoy for their own supplies from Litang or Tachienlu. At Batang we laid our plans for crossing the Washi country. With the kind help of Mr. MacLeod and Dr. Hardy, of the Tibetan Christian Mission, who had been of service to the Queen of the Washi tribe when she was a fugitive in Batang, we secured Washi tribesmen who expressed their willingness to assist us to cross their country.

The Washi are divided into three districts, called the Monia, the Dei Yung, and the Tsong Hsi, each with its separate chief, but all owing a loose allegiance to the Queen. The Queen of the Washi was written to by MacLeod, and replied that her people might take us to Kantse; she thought the road was all right, but it was best to keep our eyes open. Twelve days were spent in Batang making preparations. As it was all nomad country, we had to improvise tents made of Chinese calico, and at last, on Oct. 5 [1924], we started with four riding ponies, fifteen yaks for baggage, and six Washi, mounted and armed.

The town of Batang stands at an altitude of over 8000 ft., but we little realised when we had our calico tents made that the plateau country of the Washi would necessitate our camping each night at an altitude of between 13,000 and 14,000 ft., and that our flimsy tents would have to stand the snow and blizzards to which these high lands on the "roof of the world" are subject during the winter months. It

was a steady rise into wild and rugged plateau country. On our second day out we crossed a pass 15,610 ft. high, called by the Tibetans Tsangbunga La. Twin peaks capped by snow stood like sentinels at the top of the pass, as if guarding the approaches to the Washi country.

The Washi people are nomads; they support themselves by rearing yaks and sheep; and as we crossed their country, we came across several Washi encampments. The six tribesmen who were with us acting as guides and yak-drivers were very concerned when we approached the neighbourhood of these nomad camps; whether it was that they did not wish their fellow tribesmen to know that they were convoying foreigners across their country, or whether they were afraid of our being attacked by

occur in the spring and autumn, when the whole clan moves to the higher levels for the summer, and to a lower altitude for the winter months.

With the larger encampments are generally one or two lamas, whose tents are small and white, and readily distinguishable. They act as chaplains to the camp, or by reciting the sacred books and by incantations are supposed to keep the camp free from sorcery or witchcraft. It took fourteen days to cross this high plateau country between Batang and Kantse. Our camps were at an average altitude of 13,500 ft., and snow and blizzards made us realise that the calico improvised tents were poor protection from the elements. Our Chinese cook-boy did his best in preparing food, but fuel was difficult to obtain.

A little over halfway across this inhospitable

country, General Pereira was taken very ill. The only thing to do was to push on in the attempt to reach Kantse, a little town at the other side of the Washi country, where at a lower altitude the comforts of warmth, four walls and a roof, and proper fuel for cooking, could be obtained. Four days' more hard travelling, and the last pass—the Luma La, just over 15,000 ft.—was crossed. A steady descent followed, keeping by the course of a stream which wound through a series of weird valleys. These were moraines with great landslides, the broken rock showing out through the snow,

which was still falling, until at last the River Yalung was crossed and Kantse was reached. The relief from the strain and hardship of the journey through this wild and desolate country came too late. We arrived at 5.20 p.m., and General Pereira died the same night at 1 a.m.

After the General had been laid to rest, I decided to continue the journey, aiming to reach the bend of the Yellow River (Hwang Ho) from the south. Between Kantse and the Yellow River is the country of the Goloks, a Tibetan tribe which is reckoned as the fiercest of all the nomads. It is said that all the Goloks are robbers and that they will rob the luckless traveller, who happens to fall into their hands, of his last shirt.

In order to avoid the country occupied by these "diehards," I therefore turned east for some distance and crossed the Golok country at its eastern end, aiming to reach the bend of the Yellow River at a place called Sotsong Gomba.

The Goloks are all perfectly at home in the saddle. They ride the thick-set, hardy Tibetan horses, and they are all armed. Those who have been successful in obtaining a gun always see that it is provided with a two-pronged rest hinged on to the barrel, and the saying is: "A Golok never misses a shot." Many carry a spear 18 ft. long, tipped with an iron point, which is used for offence and defence, while the butt-end is used for driving their cattle. A big sheepskin coat (the collar of which will pull up over the owner's head if he does not possess a fur-lined cap), Tibetan top-boots, and occasionally a pair of sheepskin trousers—all with the fur worn on the inside—comprise the Golok's wardrobe.

With a dried leg of mutton fastened to his saddle, a bag of *tsamba*, and, if he can afford it, a small quantity of tea in his leather or yak-hair saddle-bag, and with his flint and steel and sheathed knife fastened to a leather thong round his waist, the Golok is independent of all the amenities of civilisation, and can rove about the country, sleeping at night out in the open, rolled up in his sheepskin great-coat, even with the snow falling thickly around him.



WHERE THE BLACK TENTS OF THE NOMADS (WHO BREED YAKS AND SHEEP) ARE GUARDED BY HUGE MASTIFFS, AND SMALL WHITE TENTS ARE USED BY LAMAS ACTING AS CHAPLAINS AND GUARDIANS AGAINST WITCHCRAFT: A WASHI ENCAMPMENT AT THE FOOT OF THE NAI YA SNOW RANGE.

"This picture shows the source of the Shara Chu, which flows into the Litang river, which, in turn, joins the Yalung, one of the largest tributaries of the Yangtze. The sources of the Litang river had not previously been visited by Europeans."—[Photograph by Dr. H. Gordon Thompson.]

the huge Tibetan mastiffs which guard the tents, we could not determine. With great difficulty I secured a photograph of one of the larger camps which was situated at one of the sources of the Litang River, on the northern slopes of the Nai Ya snow range.

The black Washi tents are made of yak hair, and very roomy—often accommodating from fifteen to



THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY WHO MADE THE GREAT JOURNEY WHICH HE DESCRIBES ON THIS PAGE: DR. H. GORDON THOMPSON.

twenty persons; they are supported by numerous yak-hair cords, which are attached to slender up-rights on the outside of the tent, thus leaving the interior free from tent-poles. It is a day's work to erect one of these tents, so they are not moved more than is absolutely necessary. The principal migrations

AMONG TIBETAN BANDITS IN WESTERN CHINA: HAZARDOUS TRAVEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. GORDON THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.S. (ENG.)



1. THE CARTS IN WHICH DR. GORDON THOMPSON WAS TRAVELLING WHEN CAPTURED BY BANDITS: THE SCENE ON THE YELLOW RIVER A FEW DAYS BEFORE IT WAS FROZEN OVER AND THE BANDITS TOOK THEIR PRISONER IN A CART ACROSS THE ICE TO THEIR FASTNESSES, FROM WHICH HE ESCAPED AFTER EIGHT DAYS.

2. OF A TRIBE REPUTED TO ROB THE TRAVELLER OF HIS LAST SHIRT: A TRIO OF TYPICAL GOLOK HORSEMEN, THE ONE IN THE CENTRE CARRYING A GUN WITH A DOUBLE-PRONGED REST, THE OTHERS ARMED WITH 18-FT. SPEARS, AND ONE (ON THE LEFT) HAVING A DRIED SHOULDER OF MUTTON HANGING FROM HIS SADDLE.



3. IN ONE OF TWO-BOATS WHICH, LATER, WERE CAPTURED AND DESTROYED BY TIBETAN BRIGANDS, ALONG WITH THE WHOLE VILLAGE TO WHICH THEY BELONGED: CROSSING THE YANGTZE BY THE DRUBALONG FERRY NEAR THE TIBETAN BORDER.

The Goloks, as Dr. Gordon Thompson mentions in his article on page 220, are the fiercest of the nomad Tibetan tribes on the far western border of China, and have the reputation of robbing the traveller of his last shirt. The above photographs are accompanied by the following descriptive notes. "(1) These are the carts in which Dr. Thompson was travelling when captured by bandits. A few days after this photograph was taken, the Yellow River—here seen with floating floes of ice—was frozen over and the bandits took their prisoner in a cart across the ice into the bandit country near the Ordos desert. After eight

days, with the help of a Chinese official, the doctor escaped, crossed the ice, and reached safety. (2) Golok horsemen. The man in the centre of the group has a gun with a double-pronged rest. The others are armed with spears 18 ft. long tipped with an iron point. A dried shoulder of mutton can be seen hanging from the saddle of one of the horsemen. (3) The Drubalong ferry crosses the Yangtze near the Tibetan border. Since this photograph was taken, word has been received that the two ferry boats, and the village which watched over and cared for the ferry, have been entirely destroyed by Tibetan brigands."

BY ROPE-BRIDGE AND PRECIPICE LEDGE: RIVER CROSSINGS AND MOUNTAIN TRACKS ON THE TIBETAN BORDER OF CHINA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. GORDON

THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.S. (ENG.)



1. HIGHER AT THE STARTING END, AND USUALLY MADE IN PAIRS—ONE FOR "GOING" AND THE OTHER FOR "RETURNING": A ROPE-BRIDGE OVER THE MEKONG—DR. GORDON THOMPSON CROSSING.



2. ON A LEDGE SO NARROW IN PLACES THAT THE CARRIED SEPARATELY: PART OF THE MOUNTAIN



PACKS HAD TO BE TAKEN OFF THE ANIMALS AND TRACK BETWEEN KANTSE AND THE GOLOK COUNTRY



3. THE ONLY BRIDGE ACROSS "THIS MIGHTY RIVER WITH A COURSE OF OVER 2000 MILES": A TIMBER SUSPENSION-BRIDGE ON THE YANGTZE-KIANG ON THE MAIN ROAD BETWEEN YUNG-PEN AND LI-KIANG, WITH A 500-FT. CLIMB THE OTHER SIDE.

Crossing a river in the far west of China is an adventurous undertaking. Two alternative methods—by rope-bridge or wooden suspension-bridge—are shown above, and another—by ferry—is illustrated on page 221. In his article on page 220, Dr. Gordon Thompson writes: "We crossed the River Yangtze twice, first by ferry, and the second time by a chain suspension-bridge at Trull. It is remarkable that this mighty river, with a course of over 2000 miles, has apparently only this one bridge—a suspension-bridge with two pairs of six chains slinging the boards, with a railing along the side, the whole in a very fair state of repair. Leaving Li-Kiang we crossed the divide into the valley of the Mekong, a wonderful river, running almost due south in a gutter of the mountains. In most of this part of its course it is a raging torrent, and the only way of crossing is by means of rope bridges. The Tibetan who wishes to cross provides himself with a slider, made generally from a piece of bamboo about 12 in. long, to which he lashes himself by means of a thong of leather, before

launching himself along the twisted bamboo rope, along which he slides to the other bank." Mountain tracks are even more perilous in places. The author supplies the following further notes on the three photographs given above: "(1) Dr. Gordon Thompson is here seen crossing the river Mekong by a rope-bridge. These rope-bridges are generally in pairs—the end of the rope being higher on one bank than the other, and therefore one rope is used for 'going,' the other for 'returning.' (2) Part of the road between Kantse and the Golok country. In places it was so narrow that the packs had to be taken off the pack animals and each piece of baggage carried separately. (3) The only bridge across the Yangtze-Kiang, on the main road between the two important towns of Yung-peh and Li-Kiang. Immediately across the bridge is a climb of over 5000 feet, the track zigzagging up the mountain side." The bridge itself, and the steep ascent on the further side, are shown in the right-hand photograph above.

"MAGNIFICENT TACTICS" OF THE SILVER KING: LEAPING TARPON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. DIMOCK, SUPPLIED BY HAMILTON WRIGHT, NEW YORK.



WITH HIS HUGE MOUTH WIDE OPEN AND GILLS EXTENDED: A 184-LB. TARPON BREAKING WATER IN HIS FIRST GREAT LEAP OF 18 FT. IN A FRENZIED EFFORT TO SHAKE OUT THE HOOK.



BREAKING AWAY—A BITTER MOMENT FOR THE ANGLER: A 196-LB. TARPON (WITH A SMALL SUCKER-FISH STILL ATTACHED TO IT) SNAPS THE LINE, SEEN FLOATING LOOSE ABOUT HIM.



SPLASHING BACK INTO THE WATER AFTER ONE OF HIS GREAT LEAPS INTO THE AIR: A HOOKED TARPON FIGHTING FOR LIFE AND FREEDOM, OFF THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA.



FIGHTING TO THE LAST: A SILVER KING (*TARPON ATLANTICUS*) GAFFED FROM THE BOAT AFTER A FURIOUS STRUGGLE THAT HAD LASTED FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS, A TYPICAL "THRILL" OF BIG-GAME FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.

The tarpon is one of the big-game fish that make angling in Florida waters a sport as thrilling as big-game hunting in 'Africa.' Its gleaming colour (shown on page 225) and its fighting qualities are vividly described in Zane Grey's "Tales of Fishes" (Hodder and Stoughton). "The water split with a hissing sound," he writes, "to let out a great tarpon, long as a door, seemingly as wide, who shot up and up into the air. He wagged his head and shook it like a struggling wolf. When he fell back with a heavy splash, a rainbow, exquisitely beautiful and delicate, stood out of the spray, glowed, paled, and faded. Five times he

sprang toward the blue sky. . . . The silver king came up far astern. . . . He began a series of magnificent tactics new in my experience. He stood on his tail, then on his head; he sailed like a bird; he shook himself so violently as to make a convulsive, shuffling sound; he dived, to come up covered with mud, marring his bright sides; he closed his huge gills with a slap and, most remarkable of all, he rose in the shape of a crescent, to straighten out with such marvelous power that he seemed actually to crack like a whip." A crescent position is well seen in one of the colour illustrations on page 225.

THE HERRING'S BIG COUSIN AS GAME FISH: A TARPON'S AMAZING LEAPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. DIMOCK, SUPPLIED BY HAMILTON M. WRIGHT, NEW YORK.



AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS LEAP: A 200-LB. TARPON JUST HOOKED IN FLORIDA WATERS MAKES A FRENZIED JUMP INTO THE AIR.



"NO TERRIER EVER SHOOK A RAT AS HARD AS THIS TARPON SHOOK HIS HUGE HEAD JUST BEFORE HITTING THE WATER": ON THE DOWNWARD CURVE.



GOING UP: THE TARPON LEAPING OUT OF THE WATER IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO SNAP THE LINE—A FISH THAT FOUGHT FOR OVER ONE AND A HALF HOURS.

"These remarkable pictures," says Mr. Hamilton M. Wright, in a note on the photographs, "taken by the late W. A. Dimock, show characteristic stages of a huge tarpon in a frenzied leap from the waters at Fort Lauderdale, Florida (U.S.A.), in his battle for life, within a few seconds after being hooked, and before he became too tired to leap far. According to Commodore A. H. Brook, President of the Fort Lauderdale Anglers' Club, tarpon can jump twenty-five feet in the air, and thirty



"FIFTEEN FEET FROM THE BOAT AND FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE": A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE TERRIFIC STRENGTH OF THIS 200-LB. GAME FISH.

feet across the water. In the autumn, tens of thousands of tarpon come from the inland rivers, estuaries, and pass to the ocean waters among the Florida Keys, where they feed on mullet in the swift-running channels. Sportsmen from all over the United States, and many from England, frequent the Florida East Coast during the winter months, fishing for these monsters." The tarpon is a giant member of the herring family.



"LADY ELCHO, MRS. TENNANT, AND MRS. ADEANE."
By Permission of the Owner, Richard Wyndham, Esq



"THE HON. MRS. A. L. LANGMAN."
By Permission of the Owner, A. L. Langman, Esq., C.M.G.



"LA CARMENCITA."
By Permission of the Musée National de Luxembourg, Paris.



"CARNATION, LILY, LILY, ROSE."
By Permission of the National Gallery, Millbank (Tate Gallery).

FOUR FAMOUS "SARGENTS": PICTURES IN THE SARGENT MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

From the Paintings by John S. Sargent, R.A. Reproduced from "Sargent," by T. Martin Wood, in the Masterpieces in Colour series, edited by T. Leman Hare, Published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd. (Incorporating T. C. and E. C. Jack, Ltd.)

Mr. Howard Carter's Triumph: The Superb Coffins of Tutankhamen.

THE BURIAL OF TUTANKHAMEN: THE SERIES OF GOLDEN COFFINS.



1. THE FIRST STAGE IN THE DISCOVERY OF TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY: THE GREAT STONE SARCOPHAGUS WITH ITS GRANITE LID AND LINEN SHROUDS REMOVED, REVEALING THE OUTERMOST OF THE THREE NESTED COFFINS INSIDE, WITH A WONDERFUL ANTHROPOID LID IN THE FORM OF A SCULPTURED GOLDEN EFFIGY.



2. AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE FIRST COFFIN'S ANTHROPOID LID (SHOWN ABOVE WITHIN THE SARCOPHAGUS): MR. HOWARD CARTER ROLLING BACK THE SHROUD COVERING THE SECOND ANTHROPOID COFFIN, LYING WITHIN THE LOWER HALF OF THE FIRST AND OUTERMOST.

The mummy of Tutankhamen was enclosed within the innermost of three anthropoid coffins, nested one within another, in a great sarcophagus of yellow quartzite with a granite lid. Immediately underneath this granite lid were a linen shroud and bouquets of withered flowers. The removal of the shrouds disclosed the first or outermost coffin, shown in the upper photograph. Its lid was a wonderfully sculptured effigy (reproduced in colour in our issue of June 27 last), covered with gold, painted designs, and encrusted glass. The lower half (seen in

the lower photograph) was painted with wings of the goddesses Nekhbet and Butu. Removal of the lid revealed another golden human-shaped coffin, covered by a shroud, with a necklace of flowers and beads. Mr. Howard Carter, who has done such splendid work in discovering and investigating the tomb, is seen above rolling back this shroud. Except No. 1 above, reprinted (from our issue of June 27 last) to show the first stage in the examination of the coffins, none of the photographs given in this number has been published before.

THE GREAT GOLDEN COFFINS OF TUTANKHAMEN: A TRIPLE "NEST" OF WONDERFUL SCULPTURED EFFIGIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



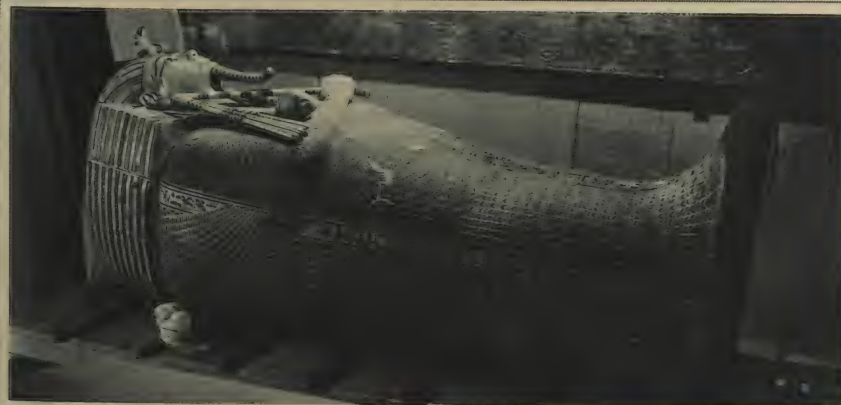
3. AFTER HAVING ROLLED BACK THE SHROUD (AS SHOWN ON P. 227): MR. HOWARD CARTER REMOVING THE DUST OF AGES FROM THE TOP OF THE SECOND COFFIN, LYING INSIDE THE FIRST.



4. "NESTED" WITHIN THE FIRST OR OUTERMOST COFFIN, ON WHICH IS CARVED THE ARM AND WING OF A GODDESS: THE SCULPTURED EFFIGY FORMING THE LID OF THE SECOND COFFIN.



5. HOW THE SECOND COFFIN WAS DETACHED FROM THE FIRST: TACKLE IN POSITION FOR LOWERING THE SHELL OF THE FIRST OR OUTER COFFIN, INTO WHICH THE SECOND FITTED TOO CLOSELY TO BE LIFTED OUT.



6. SHOWN IN ALL ITS GLORIOUS ENTIRETY: THE SECOND COFFIN, COVERED WITH SHEET GOLD ENCRUSTED WITH POLYCHROME GLASS—A MAGNIFICENT PIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP—COMPLETELY DETACHED FROM THE FIRST OR OUTERMOST COFFIN.

The three wonderful sculptured coffins, nested one within another, the innermost containing the mummy of Tutankhamen, are magnificent examples of ancient Egyptian craftsmanship. As shown on page 227, they were enclosed within a great sarcophagus of yellow quartzite, which had a granite lid. The investigation of its contents was carried out last October and November by Mr. Howard Carter and his assistants. A message from Cairo of January 3 stated that Tutankhamen's coffin had been brought from the tomb and placed in the Cairo Museum, where it would be open to public view. No visitor to Cairo should miss seeing this unparalleled exhibit. It was mentioned that Mr. Howard Carter had estimated the gold contained in the

coffin to be intrinsically worth £50,000. The series of photographs given in this number illustrates the examination of the coffins in successive stages. Those on page 227 show the first or outermost coffin, within the sarcophagus, and the discovery of the second coffin inside it. The four photographs above show the lower part of the first coffin, removed from the sarcophagus, and the detachment from it of the second or middle coffin. The crossed hands in each sculptured effigy hold two royal emblems, the Crook and the Flail. To the chin is attached the conventional beard of Egyptian sculpture. The two outer coffins are covered with sheet gold, the head and hands of the first being of solid gold. The third and innermost is of solid gold throughout.

TUTANKHAMEN'S INMOST COFFIN OF SOLID GOLD.

A WONDER-WORK OF ANCIENT EGYPT
AND ONE OF THE
SUPREME ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



7. WROUGHT IN SOLID GOLD NOW VALUED AT £50,000: THE INNERMOST COFFIN (NOW IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM) THAT CONTAINED THE ACTUAL MUMMY OF TUTANKHAMEN—SHOWING THE WINGED GODDESSES ENGRAVED ON THE LOWER PART.



8. REPRESENTING TUTANKHAMEN IN THE FORM OF OSIRIS, WITH CROSSED HANDS HOLDING THE CROOK AND FLAIL, ROYAL EMBLEMS: THE UPPER PORTION OF THE THIRD AND INNERMOST COFFIN, MADE OF SOLID GOLD, MAGNIFICENTLY ENGRAVED AND ADORNED WITH CLOISSONNÉ GOLD-WORK AND PRECIOUS STONES.

The third and innermost of the three anthropoid coffins, nested one within another, inside the sarcophagus in Tutankhamen's tomb is made of solid gold, and contained the actual mummy of the young King. "This coffin," writes Mr. Howard Carter, "ranks among the world's finest works of art. It is beaten out of £50,000 of bullion; it measures over six feet in length; it is magnificently engraved, both inside and outside, and is embellished with auxiliary cloissonné work of gold and semi-precious stones, such as turquoise, lapis lazuli, and carnelian. It represents the king in Osiris form. Over the arms and abdomen are the winged protective vulture and serpent goddesses of Nekhbet and Buto, while engraved over the legs are Isis and Nephthys. This superb work of art is now exhibited in the Cairo Museum, attracting hundreds of people from all parts of the world."

TUTANKHAMEN'S THIRD COFFIN—OF SOLID GOLD: THE UNCOVERING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD-COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



9. SHOWING THE FUNERAL WREATH (ROUND THE NECK) AND THE SHROUD: THE THIRD AND INNERMOST COFFIN OF SOLID GOLD, CONTAINING THE MUMMY OF TUTANKHAMEN, REVEALED WITHIN THE SECOND COFFIN (IN BACKGROUND) ON REMOVAL OF ITS SCULPTURED LID (IN FOREGROUND).



10. REMOVING THE CONSECRATION OILS THAT HAD BEEN POURED OVER IT AND CONSOLIDATED BY AGE INTO A HARD PITCH-LIKE MATERIAL: MR. HOWARD CARTER AT WORK ON THE THIRD AND INNERMOST COFFIN LYING WITHIN THE LOWER PART OF THE SECOND.

Before the inmost coffin of solid gold, containing the mummy of Tutankhamen, was detached from the second of the two outer coffins, careful work was necessary to remove the pitch-like material into which the consecration oils, poured over it at the time of burial, had coagulated in the course of ages. When the sculptured lid of the second coffin was removed, the third coffin was revealed within, covered with a shroud and a withered wreath of flowers and leaves

at the neck. Mr. Howard Carter, who conducted the investigation of the coffins, writes: "Most interesting and valuable data pertaining to the burial ceremony of the Pharaoh, as well as some two hundred pieces of jewellery, including the king's diadem, were disclosed in this scientific examination. The jewellery of the finest workmanship was of two categories: personal ornaments, and religious symbols and amulets."

THE ACTUAL BODY OF TUTANKHAMEN: UNWRAPPING THE MUMMY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



11. THE FIRST INCISION BEING MADE INTO THE WRAPPINGS ROUND THE MUMMY OF TUTANKHAMEN: (LEFT TO RIGHT, IN FOREGROUND) M. LACAU, MR. HOWARD CARTER, PROFESSOR DOUGLAS DERRY, AND DR. SALEH BEY HAMDI.

The investigation of the actual burial of Tutankhamen—that is, the three “nested” golden coffins inside the sarcophagus, and the mummy itself within the third and innermost coffin—was carried out last October and November by Mr. Howard Carter, assisted by Mr. A. Lucas, Professor Douglas Derry, and Dr. Saleh Bey Hamdi. The above photograph shows the first incision being made into the wrappings of the mummy. The figures in the foreground are (from left to right): M. Lacau, Director-General of the Egyptian Antiquities Department; Mr. Howard

Carter; Professor Derry; and Dr. Saleh Bey Hamdi. The others may be identified from another photograph of the same group given on page 234. “Tutankhamen’s mummy,” writes Mr. Howard Carter, “unfortunately badly carbonised by spontaneous combustion, set up by the decomposition of the fatty matters contained in the consecration oils that were poured over it, proved to be that of a youth slightly over eighteen years of age, of highly refined and cultured type, and showing a very perceptible affinity to his father-in-law, Akhenaten.”

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TO any Londoner of long standing, books about London and London buildings are bound to call up old associations, both merry and sad. Such has been my experience with more than one this week. It was so especially with "THE OLD VIC," by Cicely Hamilton and Lilian Baylis, illustrated with reproductions from early drawings of the theatre, old programmes, portraits, etc. (Jonathan Cape; 12s. 6d. net). Not that my memories of the valiant old house in the Waterloo Road go back so very far, or that I can even claim to have been—I wish I had time to be—one of its regular supporters.

My association with the Old Vic is rather personal and accidental. It springs to mind at once from a first glance at the jacket of the book, decorated, as it is, with a drawing of the theatre by an artist (turned soldier and then actor) whom I have known since boyhood. It was when Wilfrid Walter played Henry VIII., in a costume lent, I believe, by Mr. Arthur Boucher, that I first went behind the scenes at the Old Vic. But what recurs to me most poignantly is the memory of poor Florence Saunders, whose untimely death the other day removed one of the most charming of our younger Shakespearean actresses. As the *Morning Post* said, owing to present conditions in the theatrical world, she never won the wider fame that was her due, but Old Vic audiences adored her. I saw her as Katherine the Shrew and as Rosalind, full of life and fun. Later, she honoured a club dance with which I was connected by judging the fancy dresses. Her fate reminds us that "whom the gods love die young."

Miss Cicely Hamilton has had the lion's share of collaboration in recording the annals of the Old Vic, but "my fellow author," she says, "has given far more to it than appears under her signature." Miss Lilian Baylis herself, of whom there is a Portia-like photograph in her Oxford M.A. robes, has told the very interesting life-story of her aunt (and predecessor in management), Miss Emma Cons, who in 1880 found the Vic a vacant house, of low repute as a music-hall, and gradually transformed it into what it is to-day—a great educational institution. I did not know before that Miss Cons, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, had been a woman of such large philanthropic activities and wide influence. She called the Old Vic "her recreation." Its foundation was but an incident in a long and fruitful life of toil for the people's welfare. Among other things, she was one of the first three women members of the L.C.C. She was a friend and co-worker of Octavia Hill in her attack on the slums. She founded the Horticultural College for women at Swanley; she established coffee taverns, which only faded out when commercial people discovered from their success that catering without alcohol was profitable; she persuaded Samuel Morley to found Morley College. Miss Cons, in fact, was one of the chief Victorian social reformers. The chequered history of the Old Vic in early days is full of romance. It owed its existence to the building of Waterloo Bridge, whose inauguration in 1817 brought into being a new public south of the Thames requiring entertainment. The Royal Coburg Theatre, as it was originally called, was renamed the Royal Victoria in 1833, when Princess (afterwards Queen) Victoria, then a girl of fourteen, saw there "the operatic version of 'Guy Mannering.'" Among the famous theatrical names connected with the Coburg in its palmy days are those of Kean, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Macready, and Samuel Phelps, who later for many years ran Sadler's Wells on much the same lines as it will again be run in the near future as a cisportine partner of the Old Vic. It was at the Coburg, too, that London saw the half-mad actor, Junius Brutus Booth, who afterwards went to the United States and begat the son who shot Abraham Lincoln.

Once more old associations suggest themselves in turning over the entertaining pages of "PARADISE IN PICCADILLY: THE STORY OF ALBANY," by Harry Furniss, with illustrations from sketches by the author and from photographs (John Lane, the Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net). The offices of the Bodley Head, it may be noted, adjoin and communicate with the chambers of G.I. Albany, which Mr. Lane occupied. My own associations were rather with the office, and are tinged with sadness, for in Mr. Lane I

lost a friend and former chief who gave me a start in the literary race.

No doubt, the author is historically correct in omitting the definite article from the name "Albany," but I have always heard it called "the Albany," and I should say that is the generally accepted form in conversation. It is also called "the Albany" in several quotations given in this book, as from Arnold Bennett's "The Pretty Lady," written in Edward Knoblock's chambers in G.2; in John Buchan's "The Watcher by the Threshold," and Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street." This is a small point, perhaps, but one of those small points that are apt to make irritating pin-pricks in one's literary hide, as when in pronunciation one hovers between popular inaccuracy and accurate pedantry.

Albany, or the Albany (which you will), holds a unique place in the social and architectural history of London. In the days of George III. it was "the spendthrift Duke of York's mansion," and was sold for £30,000 to an enterprising business man who converted it into sets of chambers. Innumerable are the celebrities who have since lived there or had association with the place. Among them were Byron, the two Lyttons, Lord Brougham, Gladstone, Disraeli, Macaulay, Irving, and Tree. The late Mr. Harry Furniss has told its history with much humour and many an anecdote. Naturally, the artist-author's numerous

Incidentally, I learnt that her last years were spent in retirement at 30, Torrington Square, within five minutes' walk of my own home, and I was thus led to observe the unobtrusive memorial plaque on the house wall.

Christina Rossetti does not figure in "AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH," in verse and prose, chosen by Susan Miles (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net), but her brother Dante Gabriel is represented by an abridgment of "Jenny," that frankly reminiscent contrast between the woman within and without the social pale. The compiler has brought together an interesting collection of passages, not so much written by authors in their youth as interpreting youth, sometimes retrospectively. I think the classification under headings is slightly too fanciful, and possibly a chronological order might have been better. Also I dislike the use of long s's and other obsolete forms of spelling, which the author has retained "because they give something characteristic of their period." After all, we are accustomed nowadays to read Shakespeare and the Bible (from both which sources many extracts are given) in modernised spelling, and these archaisms merely tend to baulk the ordinary reader.

It is the sense rather than the spelling with which Mr. Thomas Donovan is concerned in a booklet entitled "THE TRUE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE, AND OF HIS FELLOW PLAYWRIGHTS," (Macmillan; 3s. 6d.). The author disarms an obvious criticism by admitting that his title "is doubtless open to the charge of overstating the contents." One might indeed have expected from it a "goodly portly" tome, rather than a slim little book of thirty-two pages. Mr. Donovan, in fact, confines himself to proposing and justifying certain transpositions of passages in a few historical plays, the longest and most important being those suggested in "Henry V."

What is an anecdote? I spent about ten years in the study of Greek, and I take some interest in etymology, but, curiously enough, I had never realised the derivative meaning of the word until I read "THE NEW ANECDOTES OF PAINTERS AND PAINTING," compiled by Herbert Furst (The Bodley Head; 6s. net). Mr. Furst reminds us that "anecdote" means literally "unpublished." In his open letter to the Earl of Orford—a neat imitation of eighteenth-century style—he says: "I have borrowed the title of my compilation from the learned and delightful book by which your lordship—as Mr. Horace Walpole—is best remembered." The book rambles on without division into chapters, jumping chronologically to and fro, the only continuity being the author's train of thought. The result, however, is readable and amusing.

One of Mr. Furst's anecdotes is a quotation from a letter written by Erasmus at Basel, in which he said: "The arts are freezing hereabouts," and mentions that Holbein is "on his way to England to scrape together a few angels" (i.e., gold coins). The same quotation occurs also in an interesting paper on Erasmus as an Art Critic, in "CHARLTON LECTURES ON ART," by Lord Northbourne, George Clausen, R.A., and William Norton Howe (Oxford Clarendon Press; 8s. 6d. net). This book is published for Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the University of Durham, and contains three of the lectures delivered under a bequest by the late William Henry Charlton. Lord Northbourne takes as his subject the development of modern landscape. Mr. Clausen writes on "Vermeer of Delft and Modern Painting," and Mr. W. N. Howe's lecture is entitled "The Eye of Erasmus—A Scholar's Outlook Upon Contemporary Art." Mr. Clausen is as interesting on the art of to-day as I lately found him in table talk.

The book has for illustrations two notable drawings by the late Mr. W. H. Charlton himself—one of old buildings at Rouen, and the other of the Cathedral at Coutances. Here again old memories break in upon me, for long years ago—some time in the last century—I walked through that Rouen Street on a rainy day, and in a later year ascended (inside) Coutances Cathedral. Memory is a curious thing, and sometimes trivial impressions remain, while graver matters are forgotten. My wife reminds me that I bought a shirt at Coutances. Possibly—but I shall not make a song about it. C. E. B.



THE EXAMINATION OF TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY, FOUND TO BE THAT OF A YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN: THE ARCHÆOLOGISTS AND EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS PRESENT ON THE OCCASION.

The actual examination of Tutankhamen's mummy is illustrated (on page 233) in another photograph of this group, with a note on the results. Above, the figures seen are (from left to right): H.E. Saleh Enan Pasha, Under Secretary of State, Public Works Department; Professor Derry; Dr. Saleh Bey Hamdi; Mr. A. Lucas (at back); H.E. Said Bey Fuad el Kholi, Governor of Kena Province; Tewfik Effendi Boulos, Chief Inspector of Antiquities; the Secretary of H.E. Saleh Pasha Enan; Mr. Howard Carter; and M. Lacau, Director-General of the Antiquities Department.

Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. (World Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

sketches and portraits form one of the book's principal attractions.

At first sight there may not be any obvious topographical association suggested by a little reprint of "VERSES," by Christina G. Rossetti (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net), illustrated by reproductions of two pictures by her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti—"The Girlhood of the Virgin" and "Christina Rossetti with her Mother." This is a collection of her purely devotional verse, which, however it may appeal to religious minds, is not poetically on a level with "Goblin Market" and her other secular poems. In reading the introduction, I was struck with the fact that, although Christina Rossetti was more Italian than English, "her religious views were Tractarian—that is to say, Anglo-Catholic, without any leanings to Roman Catholicism, and strongly Puritan." Feeling a little puzzled, I consulted various accounts of her career, and ultimately found the explanation, and with it the key to her pathetic life-story, in the late Dr. Richard Garnett's article on her in the "Dictionary of National Biography." "As an ardent Italian patriot," he says, "she could not well become a Roman Catholic, but her devotion assumed a high Anglican character. This had the unfortunate result of causing an estrangement between herself and a suitor to whom she was deeply attached. This circumstance explains much that would otherwise be obscure in her poetry, and accounts for the melancholy and even morbid character of most of it."



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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD.



THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN.

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF THE HIGHLANDS

There's a spirit from the Highlands that means so much to man. Redolent with glorious well-being, brimful of cheering optimism and glowing with a kindly helpfulness that has endeared it to countless myriads. And its name is.....

DEWAR'S

AT THE SIGN OF "AN EYE AND AN EAR"; AN INTERPRETER'S LIFE-STORY.

"THE UNDERWORLD." By H. ASHTON WOLFE.*

THE publishers of "The Underworld" did no wrong when they "jacketed" it as a book of remarkable revelations: certain of the revelations are so remarkable that the incredulously inclined will find it difficult to convince themselves that such things can be outside the romantic realms of Le Queux-like fiction. In part, the fault is the author's. He tells who he is; how he was born in Kennington in 1881, son of Dr. W. Wolfe, spent his boyhood on the prairies of Arizona and Colorado, was a schoolboy at Cannes, and a student at Heidelberg, in Paris, and at Marseilles; how he was involved in the work which brought him adventure in various lands; how he came to interpret "at the criminal and civil courts of the principal cities both in Europe and in America"; how amongst the recent sensational trials in which he figured were those of Jean Pierre Vaquier, at Guildford, and Princess Marie Marguerite Fahmy, at the Old Bailey. He reproduces photographs bearing upon the mysterious and melodramatic matters he describes and discusses. He gives names and dates. But there are occasions on which his method of narration recalls that of the novelist obsessed with a determination to create eerie situations. To all of which, doubtless, he will reply with the tag: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy!"

Perhaps the bizarre beginning of it all determined the key. Mr. Ashton Wolfe was at Monte Carlo, holiday-making. "In the course of my daily visits to the tables," he writes, "I had been much amused by a dapper little Frenchman who always, before staking on a spin, touched the number he had chosen with a piece of coral shaped like a hand having the two middle fingers closed—a charm much used in Italy against *la jettatura*, the evil eye." Later came acquaintance with the habitué and the discovery that he was the head of the local Sûreté—"We of the Sûreté merely watch and investigate. We are the scientists; the police are the workmen." Then a request for help in "placing" a visiting American, and the bestowal of the Sûreté's badge, an eye and an ear—"You will notice, *mon ami*, that there is no mouth to the enclosed. Remember it! See and hear, but do not talk." Net result, the rounding up of a gang bent on raiding the croupiers' metal-covered cash-boxes and the vaults containing the money reserves, a gang relying upon revolvers, motor-cars fitted with machine-guns of the Hotchkiss type, and a swift yacht.

As further result, a decoy-act to catch Sonia Varonoff, alias Countess Pilar Concepcion Gonzalez. "It will be remembered that while waiting at a wayside station near Marseilles she suddenly threw herself in front of an express train, and was instantly killed." Why? The world said losses at roulette. Mr. Wolfe is wiser. She was under arrest at the time. She had tried to do to our author what she had done to others—fascinate the winning gambler, lure him to the prehistoric "Roches Rouges," and there, seconded by a crystal ball, so hypnotise him that she could rob him, and so depress him that, under "post-hypnotic suggestion," he would commit suicide! Mr. Wolfe was an innocent with his eyes open, but he tells how he nearly succumbed before he could sound the shrill blasts that brought the "genie of the whistle" to his aid.

That not being enough, Mr. Wolfe must needs seek excitement in Spain—and turn "contrabandista" for

the nonce, an onlooker among the professionals whose dogs passed between France and Spain, carrying the smuggled goods through the well-patrolled, twenty-foot-high, belled fences of wire-netting and barbed wire. This ended in prison—and farewell to the brave and beautiful Conchita.

So to Paris—and the Apache, "La Glu," the "bird-lime" that never let a victim go. There was sensation, in truth: Jekyll and Hyde all over again! For "La Glu" was two personages in one—John Ainsworth, which was not his name, and Raoul Pontier, which was not his name: the one a gaming and sports-loving clubman; the other a murderous, maniacal *chauffeur*—"a word which, until it was applied to motor-drivers, meant 'those who use heat'—a fiend who roasted the feet of those he robbed in order to make them disclose the hiding-place of their treasures. He was a problem; but he was

caught in his flat while entering it from a steel room in the house beyond, through a door hidden behind a book-case; and in the steel room were "La Glu's" clothes, a wig and grease-paint, and clues sufficient to send the Apache to Noumea."

Every bit as astonishing is Mr. Wolfe's account of Jean Orth. "A mysterious and mystic being was Jean Orth, and by many even believed to

appear in the background when I think of Jean Orth and his sad and dreadful love-story."

In a different category is the episode of "The Diamond-Maker," which, with others, concerns that C. Lemoine who claimed to be able to manufacture diamonds, and was arrested on a charge of swindling Sir Julius Wernher. The scene is a hacienda. Wolfe and his companions discovered an Aladdin's cave; but there was defence, by "a gigantic woman who used the dreaded blowpipe, the *ourah* of the Macouchie Indians," to such good effect that she darted *wourali* into both Howard and Bannister; and *wourali* is "the deadly native poison which the tribes of the Amazon make from a vine and from huge black ants." Mr. Wolfe was both plucky and lucky; he cut into wounded hand and wrist and sucked out the poison, and he remembered a belief that "total immersion of the body in water is the only thing that may destroy the effect of the poison." His friends were soaked in an ice-cold stream for an hour—but they were saved.

Violence in other forms was supplied by France. The gang of thieves and anarchists known as the Motor Bandits used automatic pistols, shot-guns, dynamite cartridges, and bombs. "They died . . . holding at bay hundreds of well-armed men, reinforced by machine-guns and dynamite." And their end suggests our own Sidney Street siege. The place attacked by the police was that called The Red Nest, a collection of small houses set up by a fanatical millionaire who was a militant anarchist and built that his Brothers might live as nearly as possible rent free.

"A cordon of gendarmes with carbines encircled the Nid Rouge. Lying flat on the ground, they took cover where they could. A hundred or more Municipal Guards formed a barrier to keep the curious sightseers back . . . nearly two hundred guns were called into action by M. Lepine, and for hours shooting was continuous." The house was strong enough to stop bullets, save those that went through the windows, and "as no artillery could be used in so crowded a locality," it was decided to blow up the place! Pushing before them a farm-wagon laden with hay and further protected by mattresses, Mr. Wolfe and

Lieutenant Fontanfixe a charge of dynamite and lit the fuse. The first attempt failed; a second charge was laid; then came the breaching. The Law had won, though further action had to be taken before the round-up was completed. Mr. Wolfe's account is drama itself. After the trial a curious incident occurred. "On their return to prison, Carouy committed suicide by taking cyanide. A warder saw him

place something in his mouth after he was put in his cell. He immediately rushed in and forced the teeth apart. The prisoner was chewing the finger of a glove. An emetic was forced down his throat, but too late. He died in a few minutes. It was conjectured that the poison was passed to him in the dock when friends of the gang threw them oranges and cigarettes—an extraordinary state of things which was tolerated in France until lately."

Then Lacombe, who wore spikes under his clothes and lacerated his would-be captors until Messrs. Wolfe and Bannister countered with mediæval mail-shirts under their clothes and steel gauntlets under their gloves; the war, and something about the heroic Nurse Edith Cavell; the Fahmy case; and, finally, "L'Affaire Vaquier," as the little Frenchman insisted on calling it, with that vanity that is so common in criminals.

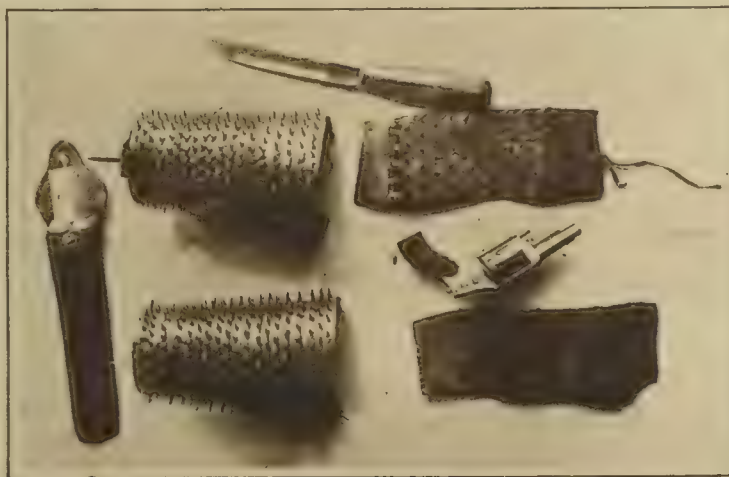
Altogether, a book the lover of the cinematographic life will revel in and the criminologist appreciate.—E.H.G.



THE FRENCH "SIDNEY STREET SIEGE": THE FARM-WAGON, LADEN WITH HAY AND FURTHER PROTECTED WITH MATTRESSES, BEHIND WHICH THOSE WHO PLACED THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE APPROACHED THE HOUSE IN THE "RED NEST."

Reproduced from "The Underworld," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

have been a myth, yet none was more truly human, nor more simply great, than this man, who for love gave all, and held the pomp which might have been his well lost for one happy month. For Jean Orth—to call him by the name he adopted, disdaining the string of sonorous titles rightfully his own—was heir to the throne of Austria." A tragic figure his—that of a lone man at Port Fo-Chen, "Le Père de la Légion"; that of an old young man and a sandalwood box. "The interior of the box was completely covered with figures, most delicately chiselled and engraved on mother-of-pearl and ivory." In the lid was a carved picture of a body stretched on the wood of a raft, and over it were the letters "K.V.K.C.L.E."—it was the frontispiece of the story. In the box were the "smaller illustrations": "ivory discs and square counters of mother-of-pearl, about two inches in diameter, of most wonderful lustre. Each one bore a picture on one side." Chief of them were the likenesses of the woman Orth had loved and lost; of Karl von Koulenz, Capitaine Légion Etrangère, ("K.V.K.C.L.E."), whom Orth accused of abduction; and of Chang Loo, whom Orth sent to the crocodiles when he found that he had "crucified" the guilty. Can it be wondered that Mr. Wolfe writes: "Crocodiles; yellow, slit-eyed Chinese; and the red and blue uniform of the French Foreign Legion will always



THE SPIKED "ARMOUR" WHICH PROTECTED LACOMBE FROM CAPTURE, UNTIL HE WAS ATTACKED BY OFFICIALS WEARING CHAIN-MAIL SHIRTS AND STEEL GAUNTLETS: THE CUFFS AND THE SHOULDER-STRAPS.

Reproduced from "The Underworld," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

* "The Underworld: A Series of Reminiscences and Adventures in Many Lands." By H. Ashton Wolfe, Interpreter at the Civil and Criminal Courts. With twenty-three illustrations. (Hurst and Blackett; 78s. net).

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Duchess of Norfolk and her eldest daughter, Lady Rachel Howard, have gone to Washington on a visit to their kinsman, Sir Esme Howard, and his wife, Lady Isabella Howard, daughter of Prince Giustiniani-Bandini, eighth Earl of Newburgh. The

Duchess of Norfolk, mother of our Premier Earl, will interest Americans, and will be found by them an example of a great lady entirely without haughtiness, well read, very musical, and interested in the questions of the day. She is a devout Roman Catholic, and is sufficiently versed in church music to arrange it for many festivals in the chapel at Arundel, which the late Duke built as a memorial to his son who died before his second marriage. The Duchess is, quite apart from the great Norfolk

STAYING WITH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON: THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

Photograph by Press Portrait Bureau.

possessions, a wealthy woman, owning Everingham Park, a great Georgian mansion (in the private chapel of which she was married), and a fine estate near York; also Kinharvie, New Abbey, Dumfriesshire, another fine place. She is Baroness Herries in her own right; that Barony was created before 1489. The late Duke of Norfolk, of whose most kindly ways and lack of ostentation so many stories are told, very much disliked any kind of publicity—hence probably the Duchess's objection to a Life of him, written by Mr. Holland, being published. The visit to the United States will not be a long one. Lady Rachel will be in the midst of a family of boy cousins, save such as are pursuing their education here. Sir Esme and Lady Isabella Howard have five sons, ranging in age from twenty-three to thirteen. Lady Isabella's brother and sister-in-law live near Rome. One of her sisters is the Countess di Solza, another the Princess Rospigliosi, and a third the Duchess Grazioli. All of them live in Italy.

The Duchess of Portland, who has opened in London a model house where British models, by British designers and of strictly British materials, are to be sold, has been firmly lodged in the affections of the British people since her marriage with the Duke—always a favourite because he is so great a nobleman, so true a gentleman, and so fine a sportsman. There used to be a tale of a prediction by a gipsy of this marriage. Probably the predictions of ducal husbands for handsome clients were pretty numerous, and one came true. It turned out a very happy event. If "living happily ever after" were possible, it would seem that the Duke and Duchess of Portland have achieved it. The Duchess, always in sympathy with the poor and

aged and sick, built, with the Duke's winnings at racing, cottages for some of her dependents. Now her leisure is chiefly spent in miners' hospitals and homes, looking after and cheering the sick. During the war Welbeck was a most efficient hospital; the elder son of the ducal house was fighting, and the only daughter working day after day anonymously in an aeroplane factory. There is one fashion which the Duchess has done her very best to make British, and that is not to wear in hats ospreys, aigrettes, or any plumage involving cruelty to birds or threatening to exterminate them. Outside her hospital and visiting, she is President of the Wild Birds Protection Society and of the Ivory Cross, for both of which she works wisely, well, and consistently. As Queen Alexandra's Mistress of the Robes her duties have for the past two or three years been light, and she has little taste for social assemblages. The Duchess has always loved horses, and has stables at the back of the town mansion in Grosvenor Square. Her white Arabs were often seen in her carriage up to quite recently, possibly will be again during the coming season. At Welbeck are many treasures, few of which were destroyed when a wing of the Abbey was burned. It has been rebuilt, and very cleverly, so that the beauty of the place has been preserved.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who is leaving for a trip to South America with her husband, is one of the workers in the cause of charity who personally carries through the schemes she has promised to help. The only daughter of the late Earl of Londesborough, she was his constant companion, and his opponent in many a keen contest at golf. She is tall, graceful, and handsome, and is a great favourite with her mother-in-law, Princess Beatrice. She will leave her one child, Lady Iris Mountbatten, with her Royal Highness during her absence. A pretty and dainty child, she is clever and original, and is



TO VISIT SOUTH AMERICA WITH HER HUSBAND: THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

a favourite with her royal grandmother. Lord Carisbrooke is now in business, and will probably combine much pleasure with it in his trip to South America. Being a brother of the Queen of Spain, he will be greatly interested in the Spanish history of South America. Lady Carisbrooke's only surviving brother, the Earl of Londesborough, was wounded three times in the Great War. Brother and sister are deeply attached to each other, and she stayed at Blankney with him as soon as she recovered from the operation on her foot.

The Hon. Mrs. Mervyn Herbert had an exhibition, in her charming Nile-water-green and deep-cream coloured double drawing-room, of portraits in oil and water-colour drawings by Mr. Fred Stratton. It gave intending purchasers an opportunity of seeing the pictures in a home. Mrs. Herbert, who is the daughter of Mr. J. E. Willard, U.S. Ambassador in Madrid, is tall and slender, fair-haired and dark-eyed, and possesses charm of manner and a keen artistic insight. Her husband, who is a First Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, is the Earl of Carnarvon's uncle. A portrait of him, with a Saluki hound's head on his knee, by Mr. Stratton, hangs over the fireplace in the larger drawing-room. Mr. Stratton's water-colours are breezy, sunny pictures of and from the Sussex Downs, where he lives. Among those seeing the pictures when I was there were Grace Countess of Wemyss, Elizabeth Countess of Carnarvon, Lady Gwendolen Churchill, Lady Dashwood, and many diplomatists.

Madame Sarah Grand was at one time a very prominent novelist. "The Heavenly Twins" born of her brain about three decades back, made quite a big hit. It was not considered then to be fit for the young person; now, in these topsy-turvy days, the young person would consider it quite innocuous reading for her mother. Madame Grand has of late years devoted her energies to sociology, and as Mayoress of Bath made such a success that she was elected three times. On one occasion she shook hands with so many guests at a civic function that her hand was useless for a week or two. She was



THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST WHOSE HOUSE WAS BURNED OUT: MME. SARAH GRAND.

Photograph by Press Portrait Bureau.

born in Ireland; her father was a Naval Lieutenant, her mother a member of a well-known Yorkshire family. She has been a widow twenty-eight years. Her recent escape from the burning of Crowe Hall, near Bath, where she has made her home, brought her again into the public eye. How short a time it takes people to forget was proved by a woman who reads books omnivorously, and who said "A wonderful woman! Her books are a joy; used to wear men's clothes in France long before our women began to do so." She was mixing Madame Sarah Grand with George Sand! Madame Sarah Grand's last book, "Variety," was published in 1922—not a long time to remember. She married, when she was only sixteen, Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel M'Fall, who died in 1898, and has one son.

Countess Beatty's elder son, Viscount Borodale, comes of age on the 22nd. He is following the profession of his distinguished father, and is a Midshipman. His mother is fond of the sea too, and has been for some extensive yachting cruises. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Marshal Field, of Chicago, and has long been known here as a most hospitable hostess at several delightful homes. One is Reigate Priory, where King Edward was several times the guest of the late Captain the Hon. Ronald Greville and of the Hon. Dame Margaret Greville. Hanover Lodge, the scene of many of Lady Beatty's hospitalities, was sold, and now she has a house in Grosvenor Square. Lady Beatty hunts from Brooksby Hall, their place in Leicestershire, and shoots from Grantham Castle, Perthshire, which, however, was let last year. Lord Borodale's coming-of-age will be celebrated at their places, possibly not on the actual date, as leave may not permit. He is a great favourite and a promising sportsman.



TO CELEBRATE HER SON'S COMING-OF-AGE THIS MONTH: LADY BEATTY.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

A. E. L.



PRESIDENT OF THE WILD BIRDS PROTECTION SOCIETY: THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

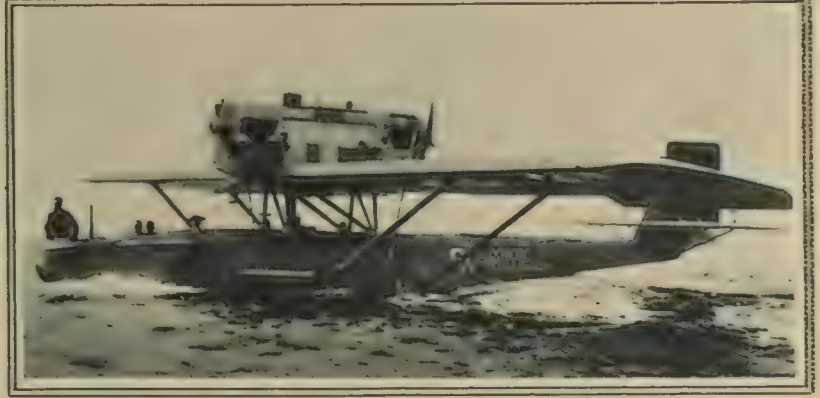
Photograph by Hay and Wrightson.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS BY LAND, SEA, AND AIR.

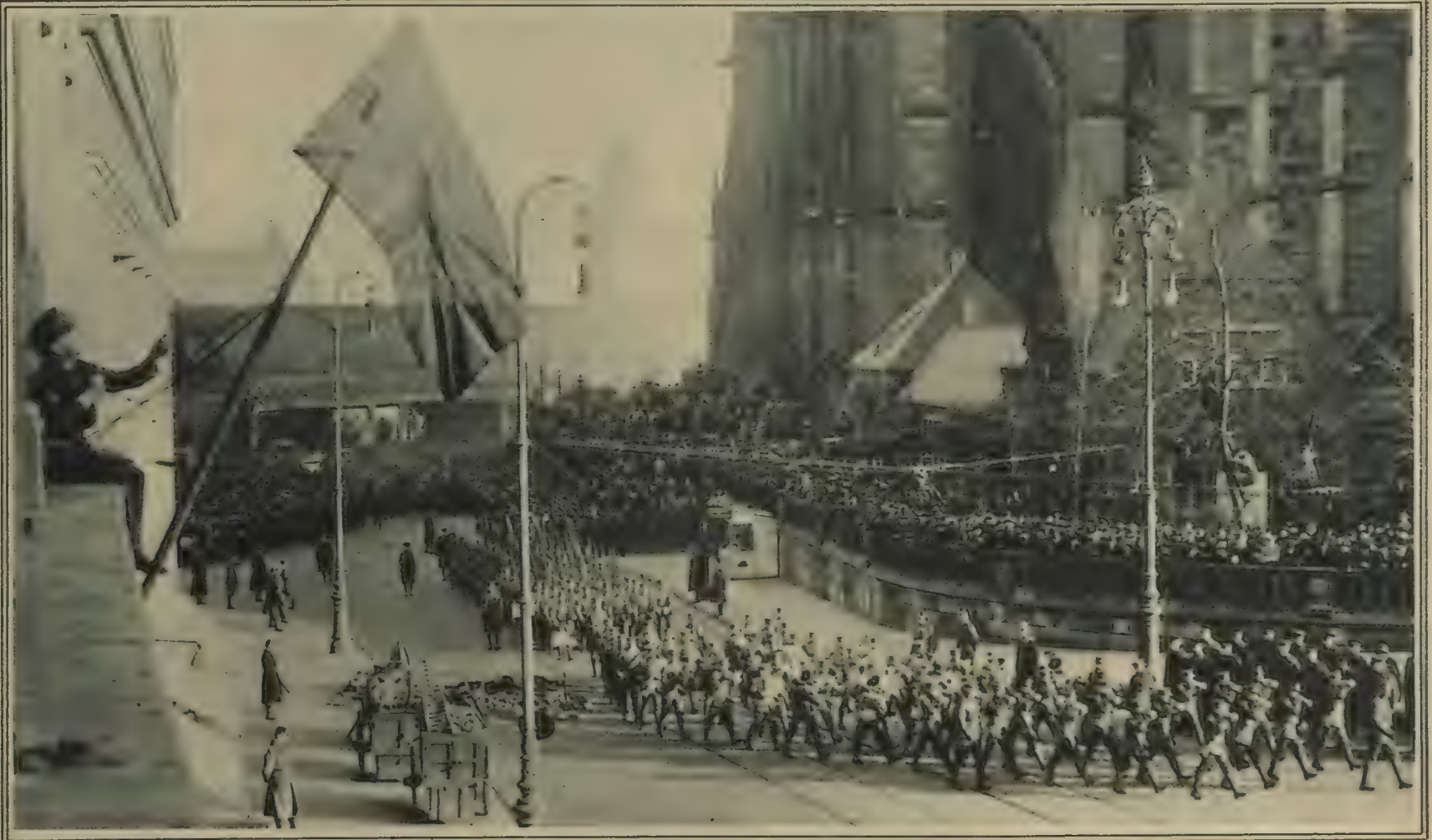
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LOST IN THE GREAT ATLANTIC STORM, WITH TWENTY-FIVE OF HER CREW: THE S.S. "LARISTAN"—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "BREMEN" (LEFT FOREGROUND) WHICH STOOD BY FOR 36 HOURS AND RESCUED SIX MEN.



THE FOURTH FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY AEROPLANE: THE DORNIER WAL FLYING BOAT (WITH NAPIER ENGINES) IN WHICH COMMANDANTE FRANCO FLEW FROM SPAIN TO BRAZIL.



THE UNION JACK FINALLY HAULED DOWN IN COLOGNE: THE END OF SEVEN YEARS' OCCUPATION BY THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE—THE LAST TROOPS TO LEAVE (SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY WITH THEIR BAND) MARCHING PAST THE CATHEDRAL ON THE OCCASION OF THE FINAL PARADE.



THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA CELEBRATES THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF HIS ACCESSION: HIS HIGHNESS ON A RICHLY CAPARISONED STATE ELEPHANT GOING IN PROCESSION TO A GRAND DURBAR ON JANUARY 11.

The Hindustan Steam Shipping Company's steamer "Laristan" (4293 tons) foundered in the Atlantic on the night of January 27, with twenty-five of her crew, many of whom were Lascars from Bombay. The North German Lloyd liner "Bremen" (Captain Wurpts) gallantly stood by for thirty-six hours, and rescued six men by boat.—The fourth crossing of the Atlantic by aeroplane was completed on January 31, when Commandante Franco, with three companions, arrived at Pernambuco in Brazil. They left Spain on January 22, and flew in four stages,



THE SETTLEMENT OF ITALY'S DEBT TO GREAT BRITAIN: DELEGATES AT THE TREASURY (L. TO R., SEATED) THE MARCHESE DELLA TORRETTA, SIGNOR GRANDI, COUNT VOLPI, MR. CHURCHILL, SIR OTTO NIEMEYER, AND MR. LEITH ROSS.

via the Canaries, Cape Verde Islands, and Fernando Noronha Islands.—The closing ceremony of the British occupation of Cologne took place on Saturday, January 30, when the last troops to leave—some 200 men of the 2nd Batt. King's Shropshire Light Infantry, with their band—paraded in the Cathedral Square, and the Union Jack on the Excelsior Hotel, formerly the British headquarters, was hauled down.—The Anglo-Italian Agreement was signed on January 27. Count Volpi is the Italian Minister of Finance. The Marchese della Torretta is the Italian Ambassador.

Fashions & Fancies



Two perfectly tailored overblouses which are included in the white sale at Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. The one above is of sand crêpe-de-Chine introducing a tucked gilet and pocket, while the other is a sports model fashioned of heavy celanese silk.

The Arrival of the Decorative Underskirt.

There is a hint of mystery about the new evening frocks which renders them particularly attractive. For the latest caprice is the decorative underskirt, which is half-veiled by an overdress of lace or chiffon. Broad satin ribbon in different shades may be used to express the underskirt of a black lace frock, or another may be in black embroidered with flowers in rich colourings. Many lovely models straight from Paris are to be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. One creation of Armande et Juliette is of gold lace, slightly flaring at the sides, over a straight skirt of wide blue-and-pink satin ribbon. Another, carried out in gold lace, has a scalloped underskirt of green satin beauté edged with narrow pink ribbon outlined with emerald paillettes. At the back of the frock fall pennons of the same paillette embroidery forming a deep "V" from the shoulders, which on close inspection proves to be mounted on net which is almost invisible. Tiny capes such as these, in the filmiest materials, promise to be extremely fashionable, and for the woman who is not as slender as she would wish, the mode is a delightful one.

For Evening and Afternoon.

Another lovely model is an evening dress designed by Agnés, who introduces also the underskirt in a contrasting material. The overdress, gathered slightly at the sides, is black chiffon over shell-pink georgette at the top, spade-shaped in front and plain at the back, with a panel of black tapering from the waist upwards; while the skirt opens on black satin. Narrow borders of blue-and-silver embroidery emphasise the slender lines of the frock. From Patou comes a three-piece affair which is so simple and yet so effective that everyone will want to wear it. The frock is of navy-blue crêpe-de-Chine printed with tiny cherry-coloured spots. A slight fullness is given to the skirt by inlet panels of dark blue satin, and it is bordered with the same material, while a spade-shaped gilet of white georgette relieves the dark colours. The coat is of blue marocain collared with moleskin, and lined with the material of which the frock is made.

A Crown which Everyone Will Wear.

At last there is a decided change in the close-fitting hat with the turned-up brim in front. The new models for the Riviera and for town show, almost without exception, high indented crowns, with brims turned down in front and up quite flat at the back. They are trimmed with flowers and with petersham or velvet, and lovely shades of fuchsia and wine-red promise to be the fashionable colours. Fascinating models in bangkok and ballibuntal, the two reigning straws for the South, are to be found at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W. They are wide-brimmed affairs, turned up sharply at the back

to follow the line of the shingled head. One is in deep red with flat geraniums massed against the crown, and another in fuchsia is bound with velvet in a darker nuance. In a shady oak apple straw, the tall crown is further emphasised by a band of flame velvet, which is higher than the hat at the back and narrows to a small bow in front. Another innovation is a hat of the same shape carried out in green silk, with the brim lined with bangkok; and a third has a velvet crown and brim of straw. Felts, of course, are again indispensable with tailored and sports suits. These, too, have the high folded crown, but the brim is narrow, turned down in front and up at the back. Delightful Reboux felts in this shape, available in no fewer than thirty-two lovely colours, may be obtained for 29s. 6d. in these salons; while ros. more will secure, also, your initial set in silver, an effective device to take the place of the long-suffering arrow.

A Three Weeks' White Sale.

Feb. 8 is the opening date of the three weeks' white sale at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. Amongst the many bargains available are the attractive jumpers pictured on this page. On the left is a perfectly tailored overblouse in heavy crêpe-de-Chine, with a tucked gilet outlined with hand-linking, and a decorative border matching the pocket. The collar is adaptable, and may be worn open if desired. The price is 52s. 6d., and it is available in several attractive colours. On the right is a simple sports overblouse in heavy celanese silk, price 25s. 9d. The material is guaranteed not to ladder, and the model is cut on loose lines to allow complete freedom of movement. A useful blouse coat in chiffon velveteen, the long lapels edged with a contrasting colour and bordered with galon, is obtainable for 29s. 6d. in black and in purple. It must be noted, too, that tailored suits will be made to order at reduced prices during February, and house frocks are also specially reduced. A simple, well-tailored coat-frock of fine Botany wool with inverted pleats in the skirt can be obtained for 39s. 6d., while 33s. 9d. will secure a jumper suit in artificial silk and wool stockinette. Useful linen frocks with box-pleated skirts in front are only 11s. 9d., in white and in colours. An illustrated catalogue giving full particulars will be sent post-free on request.

White Sale Bargains for the Kiddies.

Beginning on Monday next, and lasting for one week only, is the White Sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., in which are included the pretty children's outfits pictured here. The small personage on the extreme left is wearing a woollen

Eton-collared jumper which costs 14s. 9d., and next comes a captivating tunic and knickers in blue linen gaily embroidered with white birds. Surprising though it may seem, the price complete is only 4s. 11d. and 10s. 9d. secures the wide-ribbed woollen cardigan. The white smock embroidered with blue which is seen above is offered at 5s. 9d., and at the back is a pretty little pink muslin frock bound and embroidered with mauve which costs 4s. 11d. There are, too, white woolly frocks and knickers at 12s. 9d., size 16 in. Everything in connection with layettes has also been much reduced in price during the sale. "Grown-ups" will find Princess petticoats in Jap silk, with wrap skirts to allow for sports, available for 15s. 9d., and in tussore silk for 9s. 11d., while other excellent investments are lingerie sets in silk broché comprising: nightie, 26s. 6d.; camicombs, 16s. 9d.; and Princess petticoat, 11s. 9d.; while a Belgian hand-made linen set trimmed with drawn-thread work costs only 8s. 11d. the nightie, 4s. 11d. each chemise and knickers, 7s. 11d. the camicombs, and 8s. 11d. a shadow-proof Princess petticoat.



These happy little people are dressed in outfits which can be secured for surprisingly modest sums during the one-week white sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., commencing Monday next. On the left is an Eton-collared wool jumper and a tunic suit of blue linen embroidered with white; in the centre is a useful knitted cardigan; and above a white smock embroidered in blue; while the pretty frock on the right is of pink muslin bound and embroidered in mauve.

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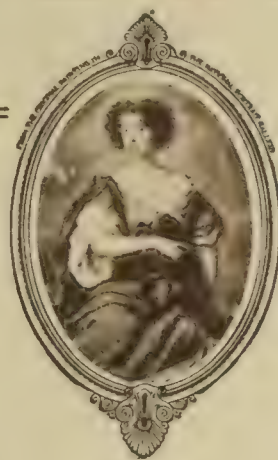
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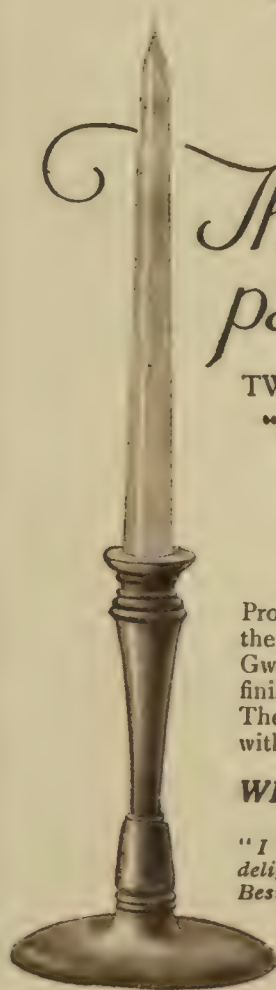
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BEETHOVEN as a composer has suffered somewhat of a decline during the last generation.

Orchestras and pianists still go on playing his music, but it is, on the whole, played in that perfunctory spirit which betrays that a real interest is lacking. Mr. Bruno Walter's dictum (made at a supper-party in Munich four or five years ago, at which I was present) that you could divide conductors into two classes, those who played the even-numbered Beethoven Symphonies (2, 4, 6, and 8), and those who played the odd (3, 5, 7, and 9)—with the implication that the former type was the better—has since then gone the round

of Europe, and in London our conductors have during the last two years played 2, 4, 6, and 8 as often as, if not oftener than, 3, 5, 7, and 9. Certainly the C minor and "Eroica" (E flat major) Symphonies have been given a partial and much-needed rest.

The performance of the lesser sensational symphonies has brought fresh admirers to Beethoven. Even certain critics have been found saying of the First Symphony that it was perfectly enchanting and as good as Mozart, and that it was a pity that Beethoven developed into the bizarre, dramatic, idealistic poet instead of remaining the skilful, ingenious, charming musician. Of course they overlook the fact that to talk like this is to insult Mozart, to say nothing of Beethoven. Mozart was so much more than the ingenious, charming musician of perfect taste, which these exquisites would have him seem to be, that they can only thus delude themselves and the public by ignoring the fact that Mozart was during his lifetime constantly and violently attacked for his harshness,

extravagance, wild fantastic daring and harmonic brutality. To his contemporaries he was so far from having perfect taste that their invariable complaint was that he wrote too thickly ("too many notes"), and more like a barbarian than a courtier. Even so

late as in the eighteen-forties the Russian musician and critic, Oulibichieff, declares the Queen of the Night's famous aria in "The Magic Flute" to be a harsh,

have written. Therefore, to admire some of the Beethoven symphonies for their Mozartian qualities is really admiring them without understanding. The German critic Paul Bekker, in an excellent book on Beethoven, says of the Second Symphony—

The markedly cool reception of the Second Symphony had some justification according to the existing standard of taste. The means of expression which Beethoven employed were distinctly futuristic for those days... the effort after the new and striking, upon which the contemporary critic commented so derogatorily, is indeed perceptible...

Mr. Bekker goes on to say that the form of the Second Symphony is the least structurally satisfactory of all Beethoven's symphonies, and that for once Beethoven's means of expression were not equal to what he had to say. There is no doubt some truth in this, but it is far less important than the other fact—namely, that this symphony, however unmistakably it may show the signs of strain and effort, is nevertheless a work of glowing vitality, and of a dynamic force which had

not before shown itself in music on the same scale—excepting in some of the biggest works of J. S. Bach. But do we ever hear performances of the Second Symphony which at all convey this impression, or even the impression that Beethoven was striving to utter what was at that stage in his development beyond his technical resources? Never! At least, I had never heard any such performance. But the moment was to come, and at the last London Symphony Orchestra's concert, at which Sir Thomas Beecham conducted, I heard the Second Symphony for the first time in my life

[Continued overleaf.]



A LLAMA FARM IN BEDFORDSHIRE: ANIMALS ENJOYING THEIR FREEDOM AND BEING TAUGHT TO CARRY RIDERS.

Our photographs were taken at Amptill, where Mr. A. H. Wingfield has an estate on which he breeds llamas, of which he has about sixty. The animals are sold to zoological gardens or to private buyers, at from £30 to £50 each.—[Photographs by Fox Films.]



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(Continued.)

adequately performed. It was a triumph of Sir Thomas Beecham's natural musical instinct.

Sir Thomas Beecham does not always justify his admirers in this way. I remember a performance of Strauss's "Alpine" Symphony at a concert given by Sir Thomas Beecham, when our talented conductor merely kept his head above water, and emerged covered neither with glory nor shame, unless we consider it a shame that a man with such great natural gifts as Sir Thomas Beecham's does not always feel that he has to justify his possessions by making the best use of them. However, it is dangerous to be priggish. There is an old saying that the better is the enemy of the good, and it is possible that if Sir Thomas Beecham were more earnest he would be less satisfying; we might never experience those sudden moments of superb artistry and real vitality with which he surprises us occasionally. The last London Symphony Orchestra's concert was such an occasion, and it was Sir Thomas Beecham's privilege to reveal again to us the real Beethoven whom we have been neglecting for so long.

It is difficult to explain the vagaries of fashion, but I am certain that they are no mere frivolous, meaningless vagaries. These changes of taste or fashion represent some inner need operating like a pendulum, but a pendulum whose pivot is not stationary, but in motion also. The reaction from Beethoven has been, in the first place, due to a surfeit which had palled the appetite. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon up to a certain point—then satiety comes and desire vanishes. Fresh stimulation is only to be obtained from a change of diet; so we have seen an almost complete abandonment of

Beethoven for Bach and Mozart. It is noticeable also that what we have admired in Bach and Mozart has been the least Beethovenish of the qualities, for actually there is more in common with all three of these great composers than is sometimes thought.

"Figaro," not the daring, tumultuous genius who wrote the last act of "Don Giovanni," the Overture to "The Magic Flute," and the "Jupiter" Symphony.

But this craze for the unromantic, rational, clear-headed, unemotional eighteenth century will pass, and is already passing. The present generation—by that I mean the post-war young men and women of to-day—are wildly romantic, far more romantic than their parents, grandparents, or great-grandparents. They have the most sublime notions of what life ought to be, and the most Olympian, heaven-towering ideals; and for such a generation Beethoven is the composer *par excellence*. Never in music has there been such fiery transcendentalism as Beethoven's. You will search history in vain for a composer who had such a fervid irrepressible faith in the human spirit. Nothing is too high and unattainable for Beethoven. His ardour for the best is comparable with that of the world's greatest religious teachers. His is the most dynamic and uncompromising force in all music, and it is ridiculous to play Beethoven as if he were an aesthete like Oscar Wilde, or a musician like Massenet. That is why I welcome such a performance as Sir Thomas Beecham's of the Second Symphony, which was of volcanic energy. It is perhaps surprising that, of all men, Sir Thomas Beecham should be the one to reveal the true Beethoven, but he certainly did so by virtue of sheer

musical instinct and energy. Whether he is equal to tackling the more mature and profounder works of Beethoven's later life remains a question to be answered; but there can be nothing but praise for his performance of the Second Symphony, and we shall look forward to his next appearance with the baton in hand with considerable interest. W. J. TURNER.



PARADING FOR THEIR FIRST DRILL: RECRUITS FOR THE ETON O.T.C.

Photograph by C.N.

It has been Bach's intellectuality, his apparently unemotional, unfaltering mastery of counterpoint, which has attracted a generation surfeited with the humanitarian idealism of Beethoven. Similarly, the Mozart of the fashionable taste of to-day has been the limpid, clear-headed, economic eighteenth-century musician of taste who composed the Overture to

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WITHIN a short time there will be once more in operation the large Bonded Warehouses at the entrance to Leith Docks, which were burned down towards the end of 1915. For ten years these have lain derelict; and now they have been rebuilt to help to meet the rapidly growing requirements of Macdonald & Muir.

The total accommodation thus added is, in round figures, 600,000 proof gallons of Whisky, sufficient to fill 430,000 Cases of "HIGHLAND QUEEN." Macdonald & Muir's total accommodation, in Leith alone, is now 1,250,000 proof gallons, equal to the gigantic total of NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND CASES of "Highland Queen." This, be it noted, in addition to exceptionally large stocks of Whiskies, maturing and matured, held at their own Distilleries in the Highlands, and in others all over Scotland.

FACTS speak for themselves. FACTS are of much more importance to you than vague generalities about quality which may be written about any whisky. The FACTS are that:—

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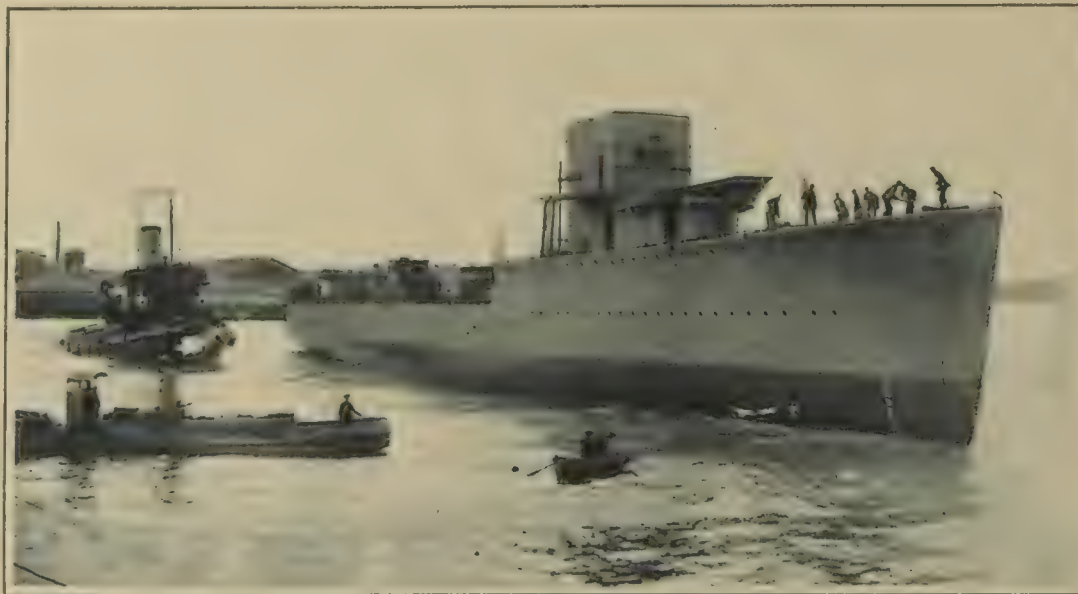
THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ALL THE KING'S HORSES." AT THE GLOBE.

MR. C. E. OPENSHAW seems to write better for the stage unaided than when he has a collaborator. His new piece, "All the King's Horses," which he has done alone, is a pleasant enough comedy on conventional lines, and will pass muster because it brings back to her hosts of London admirers in an adequate rôle a comedienne they have too long missed. In this case the player is more important than the play: plays we can have in abundance, but there is only one Irene Vanbrugh, and it is close on three years since she left us for Australia and other Dominions. The tour has done her gifts no harm: there is still the old exquisite finish about her art. Bland, smilingly confident, radiantly alert, this mistress of fun calculates her effects to a nicety, and yet appears to enjoy herself while she acts, though all the while she wears a certain air of dignity and distinction. This time she plays the part of the wife of a pompous fool who tyrannises over his household and talks as if he were politically indispensable to the nation. Everybody else's happiness in his home must be sacrificed to his ambitions, his fidgetiness, his desire to hear his own voice. Since he interferes with his two children's aims, both boy and girl regard him with dislike; while his wife, to escape listening to him or answering him, has invented a defect of deafness. With a wife of the Irene Vanbrugh type, the bladder of such a humbug's conceit would have been pricked quite early in married life; she could not have waited long years before rising in revolt. But we must grant Mr. Openshaw his hypothesis if we are

to have his play and get the full charm of Miss Vanbrugh's acting. We must believe that the heroine of an Oxford escapade would turn up nearly a generation after the event to remind the husband of his indiscretion, and that the wife would wait till she could seize such a chance to bully him into surrender. Full of intelligence and fire was Miss Vanbrugh in this moment, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the ponderous bore makes just the right foil.

odd is her lover, who has hitherto put continents between them to avoid her, yet asks her husband to visit his Scottish home and lets her invite herself also; in addition, having told her that it is a principle of his family not to betray guests' wives, he proceeds in cave-man fashion to such betrayal, knocking over the lamp in his violence. On the next morning the lady herself spreads the news of her infidelity. But even this precious pair are more tolerable than the young decadent who periodically asks his hostess, when he calls, to become his mistress. While the characters might have walked out of a novelette and the playwright's technique is ingenuous, his dialogue is curiously mannered and uncolloquial: must one suppose that the rhetoric of politics and the law courts has rendered him insensitive to the normal vocabulary of life? He certainly makes things hard for his players by putting such speeches in their mouths as Mr. Edmund Breon, Mr. Robert Horton, and Mr. Godfrey Tearle have to utter. Mr. Tearle lends plenty of energy to the lover's rôle, and everybody knows how fascinating Miss Tallulah Bankhead, with her husky voice, can be as a modern siren.



SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCHED AT THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING: THE NEW DESTROYER, H.M.S. "AMAZON," AFTER TAKING THE WATER FROM THORNYCROFT'S YARD AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The new destroyer "Amazon," it will be recalled, stuck fast in the ice-bound ways at the first attempt to launch her (made during a severe frost), after she had been named by Lady Chatfield, wife of the Third Sea Lord. On January 27, however, she took the water without the slightest hitch. The "Amazon" is the most advanced type of destroyer so far built, in the matter of roomy accommodation for officers and crew.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

"SCOTCH MIST." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

If Sir Patrick Hastings, in his newest stage story, "Scotch Mist," wanted to portray a heroine of the modern "Green Hat" type, he should, at any rate, have painted her consistently. Yet here is a wife who plays about with men in her husband's house, and talks of herself as morally "spotted," yet insists, when she is forced to capitulate to a lover who adopts physical force methods, that up to that time she has preserved her chastity. If she is odd, even more

"TURNED UP." AT THE NEW OXFORD.

"Turned Up" is a farce which has been converted into musical farce, and is none

the worse, if a little more noisy, for the change. It has a wildly ludicrous plot; it can boast of excellent dancing supplied by Miss Anita Elson and Mr. Lupino Lane, the latter of whom is the stand-by of the show and irresistible in his humour; there are some pleasant songs for Miss Nancie Lovat; that first-rate actress, Miss Ruth Maitland, is in the cast; some opportunities, though scarcely sufficient, are given to Mr. Jack Melford and Mr. Leo Franklyn, and there is a chorus that is consistently and delightfully energetic.

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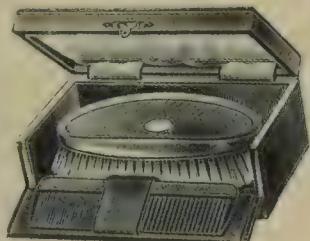
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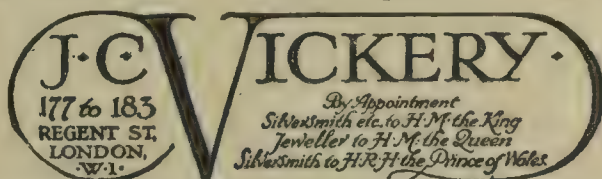
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should learn that well and remem-
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germs which cling to your little
body and give you colds and illnesses.

When you grow up, you will have to wash
with that soap regularly—night and morn-
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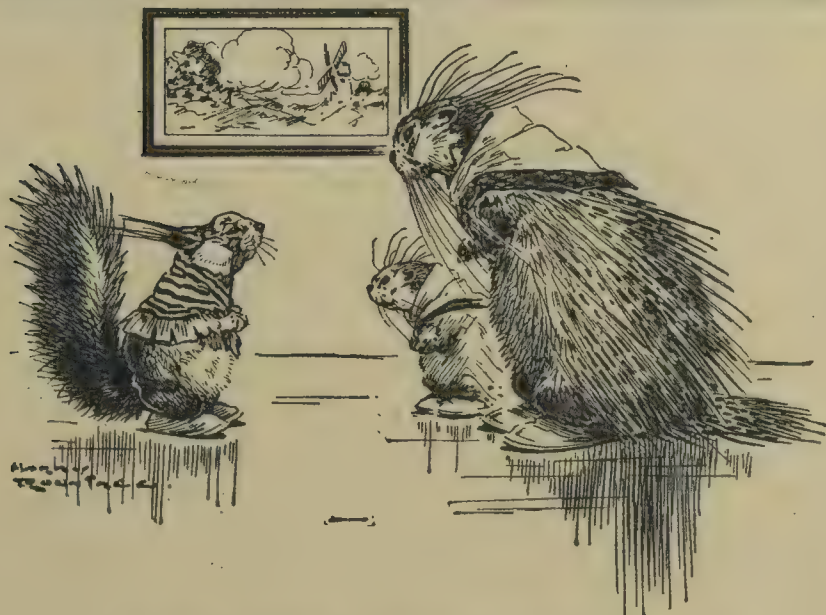
Doctor advised me to use it when you
were a wee baby and I've never washed
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*Wash them with Wright's morn-
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A New
Petrol Tax?

There seems to be no end to the prophecies which are being made in connection with motor taxation.

We know all about the alleged intention to raid the Road Fund. It has been discussed from every angle of view, and if the Chancellor does not appreciate the weight of the opposition by now, then he never will. In spite of all this, I do not think there is the smallest reason to doubt that the current year's Finance Act will contain some very material changes in the basis upon which the motor taxes are levied. Just what shape these changes will take it would be idle to speculate upon at the present juncture, except that it seems reasonably certain that the heavier classes of transport vehicles will have to pay more for the damage they do to the roads. For that I do not think there is any occasion for the private motorist to shed any tears of sympathy. It was the diplomacy of the heavy interests which exercised probably a deciding voice in effecting the change-over from a tax on petrol to the horse-power tax, which is surely

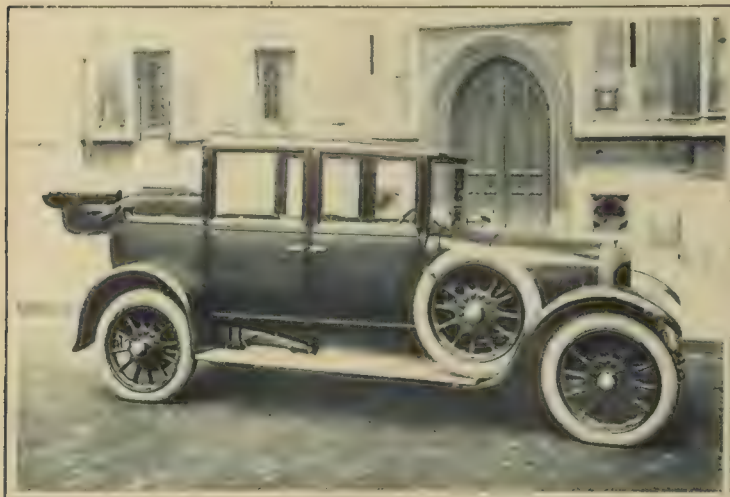
Speaking of the petrol tax, a most disquieting report has got abroad, to the effect that the Treasury proposes to levy a tax on imported petrol, in order to raise funds for research along the lines of the low-temperature carbonisation of coal. There is something a little humorous in the suggestion, which amounts in effect to levying a tax on petrol in order to work out a rival product to replace the imported motor fuel. While, however, I fully agree with the necessity for developing the process referred to, I do think the proposal—if it is seriously entertained—to obtain the money by means of another tax on the motor vehicle (for that is what it amounts to) must be opposed by every possible method. If the idea is to revert to the petrol tax and to scrap the horse-power levy, devoting, let us say, the original eight millions a year to the roads, and the rest to research, I do not think we should complain, so long as the amount we have to pay does not exceed the individual amount collected per motorist. If, however, it is simply to mean another addition to the burden, then we ought to fight it tooth and nail. It may be that the alleged proposal is simply a *ballon d'essai*. With that in mind, I think we ought to take the matter seriously, and say plainly what we think about it.

A Licensing
Note.

Curious as it may seem, I find there are quite a few motorists who have just joined the ranks who do not seem to be aware of the fact that the car license has to be paid annually—or quarterly, as the case may be. They have an impression that it is a tax they

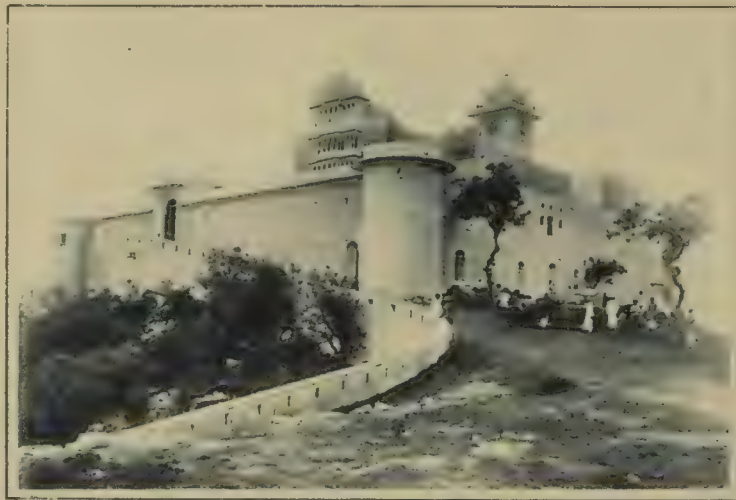
have to pay when the car is purchased, and that it carries on for the life of the vehicle. The other day I stopped at a country hotel, and next to my

own car was a light car with last year's license-card in the holder. I remarked to the owner that he was taking chances in driving without the new license,



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one of the most unfair imposts ever inflicted on a section of the community; so if they are hoist with their own petard, there will be no occasion for deep regret.



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and he seemed quite mystified, until I pointed out to him that it was clearly stated on the old card that the license expired on Dec. 31. He explained that when he bought the car he had left the registration to the agents from whom he purchased it, and that he had never looked at the card since he had the car! He genuinely did not know he had to renew. In the course of further conversation he said he knew quite a number of new motorists in the same state of fog as to the law's requirements. In view of this, I think it as well to make it perfectly clear that the motor tax has to be paid annually—it is not in any sense a first payment when the car is new, good for all time. Most of us only wish it were so!

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(Continued overleaf.)

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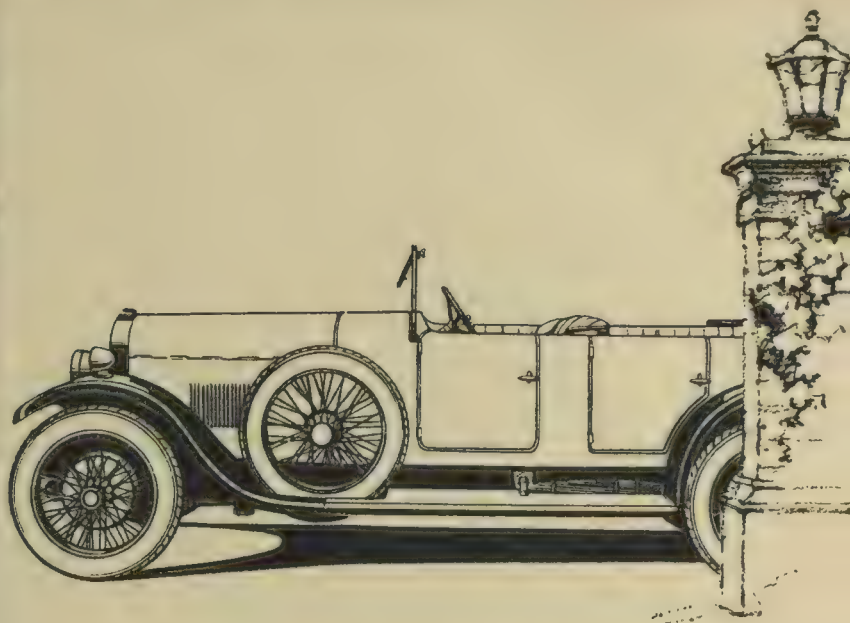
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AT the Paris offices of "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," "The Sphere," "The Tatler," "Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 13 and 15, Rue Taitbout, Boulevard des Italiens, there is a comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of all the "Big Six" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Continued.

Cairo, arriving on Sunday, Jan. 24, 1926. The full story of their journey is yet to be told, but what is known already is sufficient to indicate that they have had to encounter great hardships and oftentimes peril from flood and beasts of prey.

The expedition has covered approximately 13,000 miles, and has for lengthy periods been cut off from all outside communications. The objects of the expedition, which had very influential backing, were mainly to investigate the possibilities of a great central highway, to obtain scientific data, information concerning the habits and customs of unknown tribes, and to make a cinematograph film as a permanent record of this previously untraversed route. It is interesting to note that the explorer's wife accompanied him. Mrs. Court-Treant, a slight, pretty woman, had a definite duty to perform, in that her object was to come into contact with the native women to whom access by the male members of the party was impossible. She will doubtless have obtained much information of unique interest.

The fact that the Crossley cars have come through the exacting journey is a great tribute to British

workmanship. For a British car to be the first in the world to accomplish this tremendous undertaking is a distinct tribute to the worthiness of British pro-

ducts. It is intended to give a "Welcome" dinner to the expedition on its arrival in London. The arrangements are not yet complete, but it is expected that it will be about Feb. 10, and that the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley will preside. W. W.



AN OCCASION OF DEMONSTRATIONS AND COUNTER-DEMONSTRATIONS IN BERLIN: THE EX-KAISER, WITH HIS SECOND WIFE (PRINCESS HERMINE) AND STEP-CHILDREN, WALKING IN DOORN ON HIS SIXTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY, TO THE STRAINS OF AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN.

The ex-Kaiser, who was born in 1859, was sixty-six on January 27. His birthday was the occasion, in Berlin, of mass demonstrations by Communists to protest against the property claims of the Hohenzollerns, and to support the proposed referendum on the expropriation of former royal property without compensation. Counter-demonstrations were held by the Nationalists and Fascists to celebrate the royal birthday. The whole Berlin police force was mobilised and the streets were patrolled by lorries full of armed men. The demonstrations passed off peacefully.—[Photograph by P. and A.]

The directors of the Midland Bank, Ltd., report that, full provision having been made for all bad and doubtful debts, the net profits for the year ended Dec. 31, 1925, amount to £2,522,469, which, with £801,467 brought forward, makes £3,323,936 for appropriation as follows: To interim dividend for the half-year ended June 30 last, paid July 15, and dividend for the half-year ended Dec. 31 last, payable Feb. 1 next, each at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum less income tax, £1,760,770; to Bank Premises Redemption Fund, £600,000; to Officers' Pension Fund, £150,000; leaving to be carried forward a balance of £813,166. For the year 1924 the dividend was at the same rate, £250,000 was reserved for future contingencies, £500,000 was placed to Bank Premises Redemption Fund, and £801,467 was carried forward. This is a very satisfactory state of affairs.

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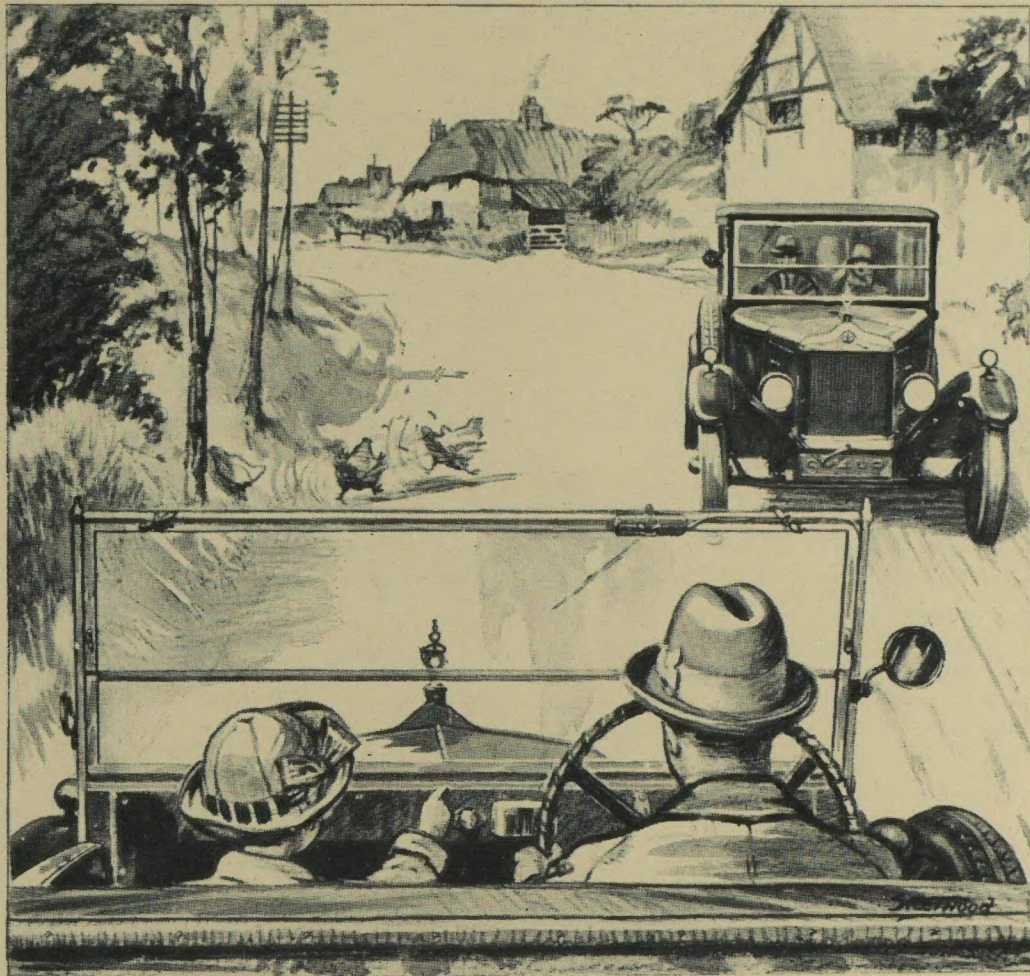
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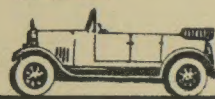


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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at Moscow between Mr. C. TORRE and Dr. E. LASKER.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Dr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th Kt to K B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd P to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to B 4th
4. P to K 3rd P takes P
5. P takes P B to K 2nd
6. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to Q 3rd
7. P to B 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd
8. B to Q 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd
9. Kt to B 4th B to Kt 2nd
10. Q to K 2nd Q to B 2nd
11. Castles (K R) Castles (K R)

The opening has been conducted on rather novel lines, which seem to give Black more freedom than usual, but there is little to choose between the strength of either position.

12. K R to K sq K R to K sq
13. Q R to Q sq Kt to B sq
14. B to Q B sq

To permit Kt to Kt 5th, and at the same time keep the field clear for the Rooks to act when necessary.

15. Kt to Q 4th
16. Kt to K Kt 5th P to Kt 4th

Black's strategy is here at fault. His King's position is strongly threatened, and requires immediate provision for its defence.

17. Q Kt to R 3rd P to Kt 5th
18. P takes P Kt takes P
19. Q to R 5th B takes Kt
20. R takes B Kt takes B
21. P to Q Kt 4th Q to K B 4th

Apparently Black thought he could maintain his pin of the B and so win the piece; otherwise,

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Dr. L.)
Q takes P would have quite altered the game.
22. R to K Kt 3rd P to K R 3rd
23. Kt to B 4th

A beautiful reply against which there is no adequate defence. What follows must be an unprecedented experience for a player of Black's reputation.

24. Kt to K 3rd Q to Q 4th
25. B to B 6th Q takes Q
26. R takes P (ch) K to R sq
27. R takes P (dis K) K to K sq (ch)

28. R to Kt 7th (ch) K to R sq
29. R takes B (dis K) K to K sq (ch)

30. R to Kt 7th (ch) K to R sq
31. R to Kt 5th (dis K) R to 2nd (ch)

32. R takes Q K to Kt 3rd
Black recovers his lost piece, but cannot save the game.

33. R to R 3rd K takes B
34. R takes P (ch) K to Kt 4th
35. R to R 3rd K R to Kt sq
36. R to Kt 3rd (ch) K to B 3rd
37. R to B 3rd (ch) K to Kt 3rd
38. P to Q R 3rd P to R 4th
39. P takes P R takes P
40. Kt to B 4th R to Q 4th
41. R to B 4th Kt to Q 2nd
42. R takes P (ch) K to Kt 4th
43. P to Kt 3rd Resigns.

A splendid victory by the most promising recruit chess has seen in recent years. The young Mexican master should go far if this game is a criterion of his style.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J M K LUPTON (Richmond).—We are sorry to find No. 4 of the batch of two-movers you sent us is an impossible position. The places of Black's pawns can only be accounted for by four captures, while White has thirteen pieces on the board.

REV. W SCOTT (Elgin).—You have overlooked the following defence to your proposed solution of No. 3971: (1) Kt to Q B 3rd, Kt to B 5th; (2) Kt to Q B 6th (ch), K to Q 6th; and there is no mate next move. As to the legality of Castling in the solution of a problem there is a difference of opinion. If it could be demonstrated that neither the K nor R had moved, there could be no dispute. We have never seen, however, any way of doing this, and in most cases the presumption of the position is that one or the other must have moved.

R C BROUGHALL WOODS (Serenje, Northern Rhodesia).—The following defence is a sufficient reply to the solution you offer for No. 3966: (1) P to Q 8th (Queens), Q to Q sq (ch), (2) Q takes Q, Kt takes R; and no mate follows.

W WHITEHOUSE (Kidderminster).—We hope you will have a shot at the three-movers—you will find they usually repay the trouble. The same rule about checks applies to them as to the two-movers.

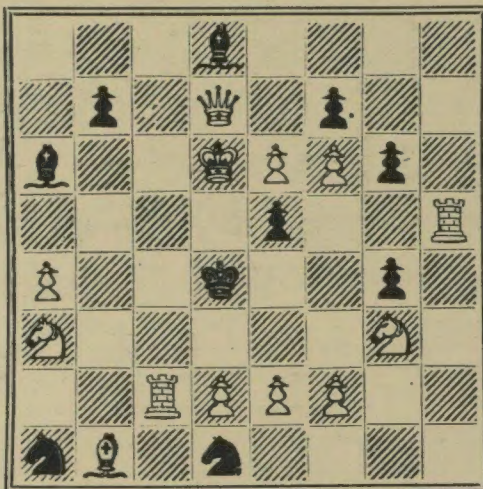
E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—May thanks for your valued contribution. We are very glad to see you getting into your stride again, and hope you will have no set-backs.

JULIO MOND (Seville).—You have got credit for your first thoughts about No. 3, which were correct; while your second thoughts are wrong, only they came too late for you to lose a mark. The reply to (1) R to Q 8th is Q to K B 7th.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3968 received from R E Broughall Woods (Serenje, Northern Rhodesia); of No. 3970 from J M K Lupton (Richmond), E Pinkney (Driffield), F Thackeray (Guernsey), and Kunwar Sirendra Singh (Dholpur, Rajputana); of No. 3971 from J T Bridge (Colchester), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J M K Lupton (Richmond), E Pinkney (Driffield), F J Fallwell (Caterham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Julio Mond (Seville), J Hannen (Newburgh, N.Y.), C B S (Canterbury), and J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park); and of No. 3972 from W Whitehouse (Kidderminster), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), J T Bridge (Colchester), R P Nicholson (Crayke), A Edmeston (Worsley), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J P S (Cricklewood), M E Jowett (Grange on Sands), F J Fallwell (Caterham), H W Satow (Bangor), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J Hunter (Leicester), R C Durell (Hendon), R B N (Tewkesbury), J Caldwell (Hove), C H Watson (Masham), A M Cole (Seaford), L W Cafferata (Farndon), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C B S (Canterbury), and J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park).

PROBLEM No. 3973.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3971.—By A. A. HUME.

WHITE
1. Kt to B 5th
2. B to Q B 3rd
3. R mates.

BLACK
K takes Kt
Anything

If Black plays 1. — P to R 7th; 2. Kt takes P at R 4th, etc; and if 1. — Kt moves; 2. B to K 3rd (ch), etc.

A curiously deceptive problem. We had anticipated some criticism that it was too easy and simple, but, on the contrary, several of our most expert solvers confessed they found its solution with difficulty. Apparently the variation, 1. — P to R 7th provides the position with a stronger feature than it presents at first sight, and the resulting mates are well managed.

SOLUTIONS TO CHRISTMAS NUTS.

No. 1. R to Kt 7th No. 4. Q B takes Kt P
No. 2. R to K sq No. 5. Kt takes P (at Kt 4th)
No. 3. R to Q 7th No. 6. R to K Kt 6th

We regret that in transcribing the positions from diagrams, a Black Kt at K B 8th was omitted from No. 2, which enabled White to mate on the move. They are all brilliant problems, but opinions varied as to their respective merits. Most solvers favoured No. 1; most failures were over No. 6; while our own affections were set on No. 3.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS NUTS received from L W Cafferata (Farndon), 6; R B N (Tewkesbury), 6; Sydney J Cole (Campfield), 5; C B S (Canterbury), 6; E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), 6; M E Jowett (Grange on Sands), 4; H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), 5; R C Durell (Hendon), 4; P J Wood (Wakefield), 5; J Hunter (Leicester), 5; J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), 3; S Caldwell (Hove), 4; Julio Mond (Seville), 6; R P Nicholson (Crayke), 6; J P S (Cricklewood), 5; H Griffiths (Mumbles, Swansea), 5; J M K Lupton (Richmond), 5; E Pinkney (Driffield), 5; F J Fallwell (Caterham), 2; and J Hannen (Newburgh, N.Y.), 2.

Under the auspices of Mrs. Arthur Rawson and the Imperial Chess Club, an exhibition of simultaneous play was given by Mr. Alekhine at the Ladies' Athenaeum Club, 17, Stratford Place, W., on Saturday, Jan. 23, when the single player encountered twenty-two over the board, and two without sight. The Russian master was in excellent form, winning twenty-one games and drawing three.

At the annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Westminster Bank, Mr. Walter Leaf (the chairman) said that the past year had been a good one for banking profits. Generally speaking, the deposits in the large banks had been very steady. Their own differed only by about one-half per cent. of the total from those of twelve months ago. On the other hand, their advances to customers—the most profitable employment of their funds—were about £4,500,000 larger, and the percentage of deposits had risen to 46.3, the money for the purpose having been found by the sale of over £6,000,000 of their investments. This was clear evidence of increased activity on the part of their customers, who had applied for this increase in their banking facilities.

The Duke and Duchess of York have again given their patronage to the third annual concert by the Stock Exchange Male Voice Choir, to be held at the Wigmore Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8.15 p.m., in aid of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund Guild, which organisation brings assistance, financial and otherwise, to those members of the medical profession who, through no fault of their own, have become overwhelmed by misfortune, and especially by ill-health. The choir will be assisted by Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Margaret Fairless, Miss Kathleen Markwell, and Mr. Norman Stone, and a very attractive programme has been arranged. Tickets—10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d.—may be obtained from the Secretary, Stock Exchange Male Voice Choir, Stock Exchange, E.C.2.

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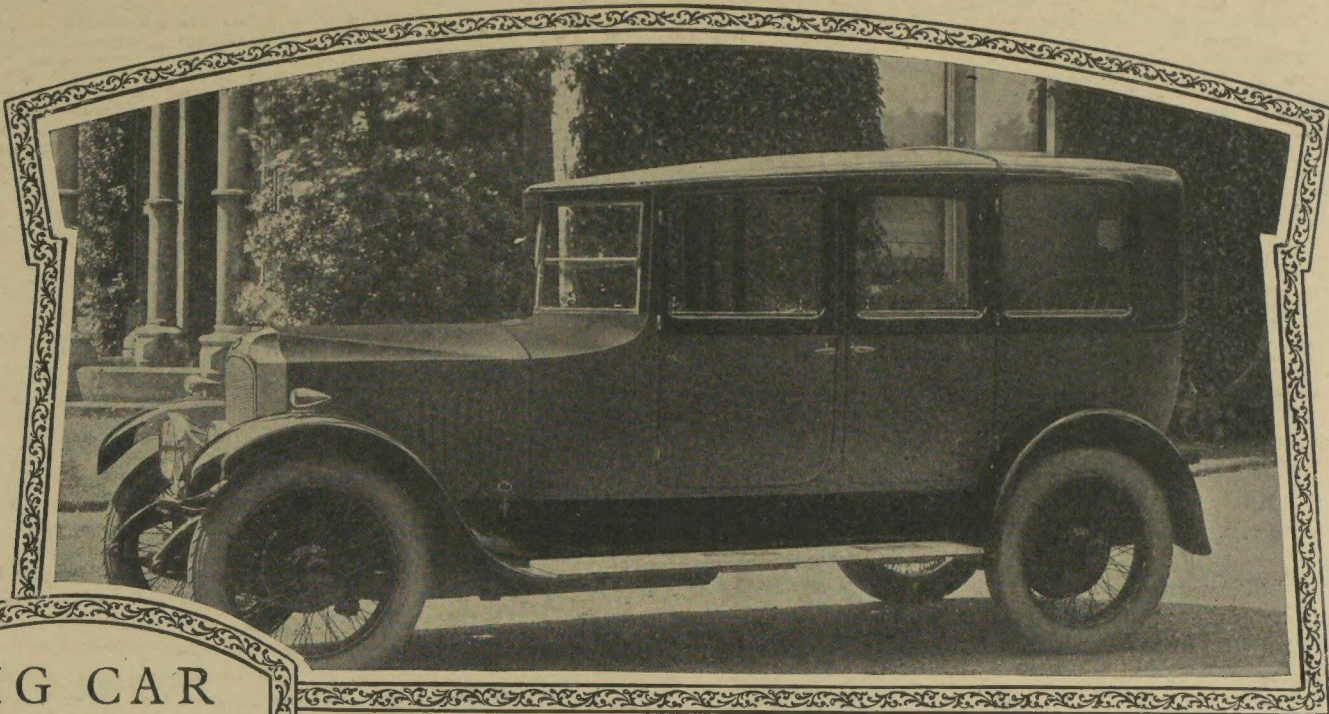
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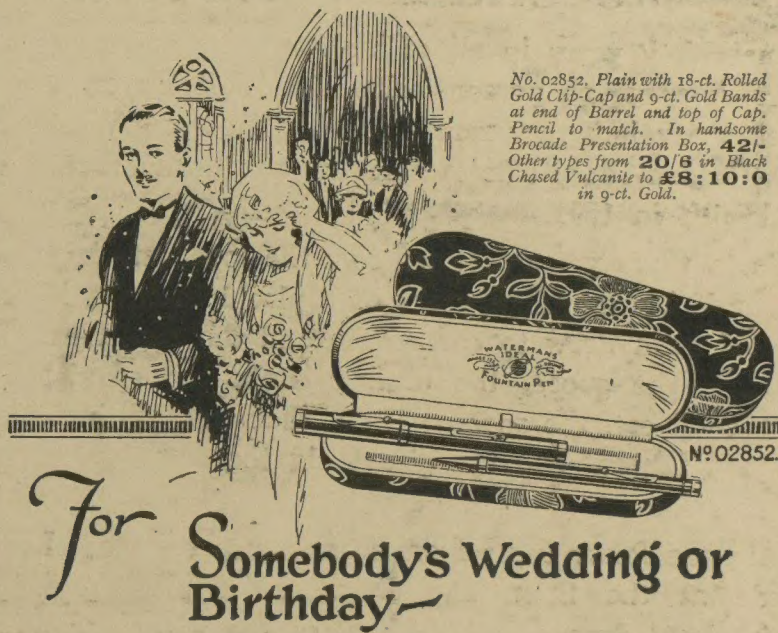
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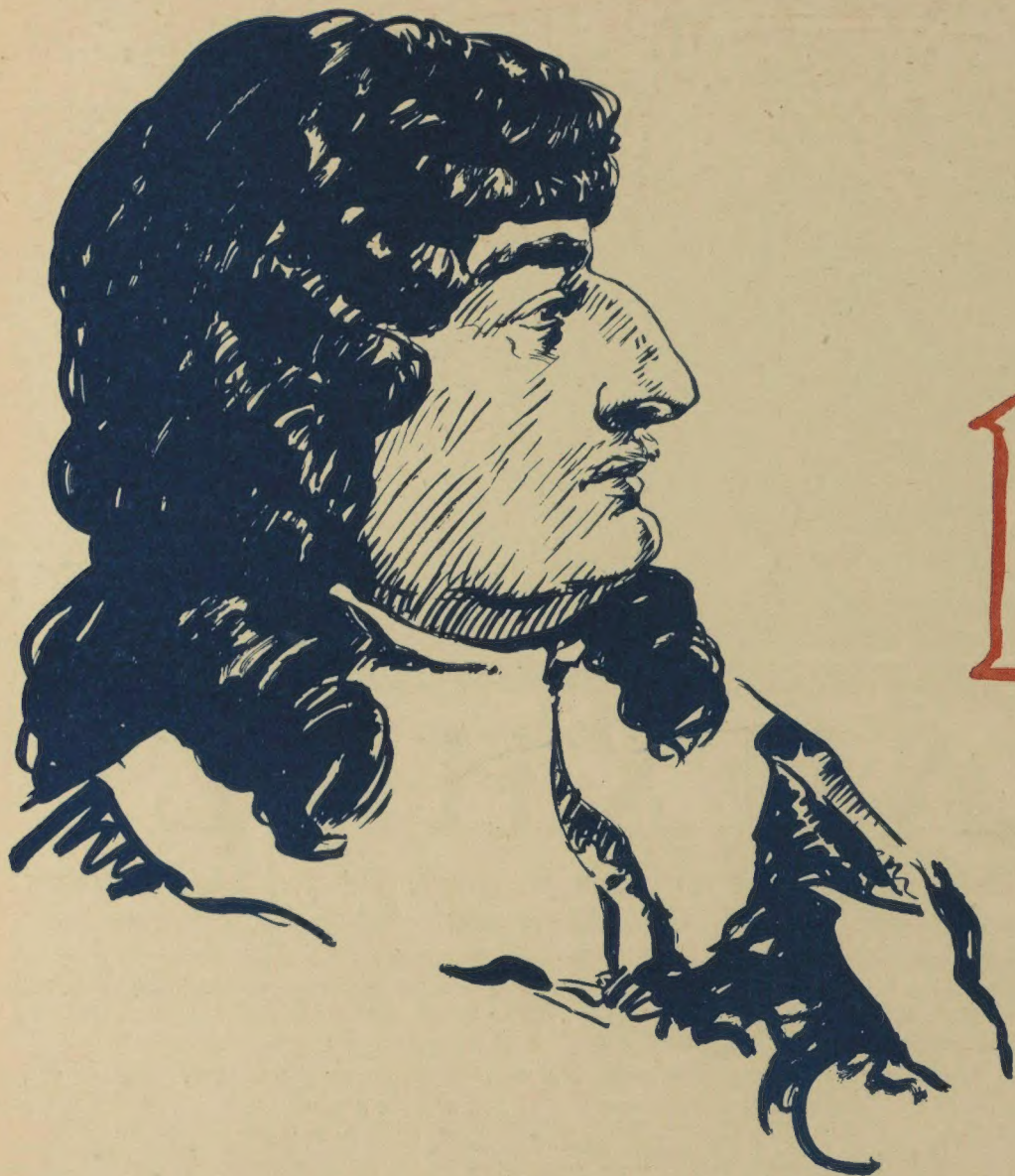
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When the fancy turns from Dean-bourn to 'those Lyrick Feasts, Made at the Sun, The Dog, the triple Tunne,' with his 'Saint Ben' Jonson and the rest of the witty carousing poetical crew, it is a pleasant thing to remember that already in 1627 John Haig was distilling. There needs another Herrick to-day to tell aright the history and the praises of John Haig!



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